THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined---The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER I.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle sat side by side on the wooden bench under the old apple tree.

They were twins and wonderfully alike; the same lustrous dark eyes, fine-cut features and rich coloring. Both had silky dusky hair, his short and curling, hers falling in a long braid below her waist. The girl was very nearly as tall as her brother, and possessed all his slender, supple grace with the rounded outlines and curves of a woman.

It was an afternoon in early April, and the air was soft and warm with the breath of spring.

"Gaspard, do you know what day this is?" asked Helene, laying her long, slim hand affectionately upon her brother's arm.

"Why, yes, it is the tenth of April," he replied. "Are you not glad that the long, monotonous winter is at length over, Helene?"

"Yes; I am glad," she said. "But the summer will also long and monotonous, though not quite so dreary, perhaps. Gaspard, have you forgotten that the tenth of April is our birthday? We are twenty-one years of age today."

He shrugged his shoulders with a laugh.

"Indeed, sweet sister, I had forgotten," he replied. "Really, there was nothing to call this important fact to my mind. Madame Beaumont made no mention of it, and our father has not come with any remembrance, as is his custom heretofore."

"That is true," said the girl, gravely. "But perhaps he may yet come. He has never before failed to remember our birthday, and it is still early in the afternoon. And should he come do you know what I intend doing, Gaspard? I shall kneel at his feet, put my arms about his neck, and say to him, 'Father, today Gaspard and myself are twenty-one years of age. We are no longer children, we have arrived at manhood and womanhood. Therefore, dear father, do away with the mystery which separates your life from ours. We love you, we are your children, we have a right to share your life, no matter what that life may be. This is what I shall say to our father, Gaspard."

While she was speaking, Gaspard regarded his sister with a mixture of pride, admiration and astonishment.

"You have courage, my Helene," he said. "I confess I would be reluctant to so approach our father. To us he has always been most gentle and affectionate, but I am sure there is another side to his nature, that he can be stern, cold, relentless. Do you think it wise, Helene, to endeavor to break through that wall of reserve which he, perhaps for good and sufficient reasons, has seen fit to build between us?"

"I must," cried the girl, passionately, "no matter what be the consequences, Gaspard," her beautiful lips curling scornfully, "are you content to spend all your life here? When we were but babies our father brought us to Madame Beaumont; our only diversions have been an occasional day spent in Paris and the monthly visit of our father. Madame Beaumont has had the entire charge of our education, it would seem to more utterly exclude us. But we are no longer children, and, to me, at least, this life has become intolerable. If my father loves me he must hear me patiently; if he be just and reasonable he will understand."

"I also have grown very weary of it," said Gaspard, with a sigh. "If you find it hard, Helene, what do you imagine it means to me, a man, whose place is out in the world?"

Again the girl's red lips curled a little scornfully. She knew that hers was the bolder, stronger nature of the two, and she had often thought that nature erred in not making her the boy. But she did not say anything of this to her brother for fear the inference that he was lacking in courage would hurt him whom she most dearly loved.

"But, Helene, has it never occurred to you that our father may have good and excellent reasons for his course of action in regard to ourselves?" continued Gaspard. "We are not exactly happy and we feel that we are perhaps ill-used, but we might be ten times more wretched if we knew all. I do not care to speak of such a thing, even to think of it, but, suppose, Helene, there should be that in our father's life which would make us ashamed—dishonored, even disgraced. How would you endure such knowledge?"

"It would be easier to bear than this wretched stagnation," replied Helene, passionately. "I want to live, not merely to exist. Give me life, change, excitement; I care not what form they take."

Gaspard regarded her silently, admiration, tenderness, pain, in his dark eyes.

She had risen to her feet; her face wonderfully beautiful in her passionate abandonment, her slender form full of a wild grace.

Gaspard knew her too well to endeavor further to shake her determination. So he sighed softly to himself and wondered curiously what the outcome would prove.

A woman came from the house, a white villa, standing in the midst of a large garden surrounded by high brick walls, and advanced towards them. She was about sixty years of age, with a refined face, placid blue eyes and a slender, upright figure which retained much of its youthfulness.

Helene sank down again upon the bench.

"Not a word of all this to Madame Beaumont," she whispered to Gaspard. "She would but overwhelm me with reproaches and remonstrances, which, while wearying and exasperating me, would have no power to shake my determination."

"Ah, my dear children, you are enjoying this warm, balmy air," said Madame Beaumont, sinking into the low rustic chair which Gaspard hastened to bring forward. "How delightful it is. But what ails my sweet Helene? She does not look happy," turning her eyes upon the girl's face which had not entirely recovered its serenity.

"I am disappointed, Madame," replied Helene, evasively. "Have you overlooked the fact that 'tis the birthday of Gaspard and myself? And you must know it is the first time that our father has failed to visit us upon this day."

As the girl spoke Madame Beaumont appeared slightly confused.

"I had not forgotten, dear child," she replied. "It is true that which you say regarding your father, and I but await his coming to offer my felicitations and prepare a little fete in honor of the day. But—I will delay no longer in wishing you both, dear children, many, many very happy returns of your natal day."

Gaspard bent gratefully forward and lifted Madame Beaumont's hand to his lips with a murmured, "Thank you, dear lady." Helene inclined her head gravely, her levity lips growing somewhat bitter. But Madame Beaumont's eyes rested tenderly upon Gaspard whose graceful deference pleased her. She had always been fonder of him than of Helene.

"Have you any idea, why our father does not come?" asked Helene, while she bent her eyes wonderingly upon Madame Beaumont's face. "If our father condescends to her this secret, this mystery of his life," Helene was thinking, "surely he will share both with our now that I am a woman, and with Gaspard, who is now a man."

Madame Beaumont had started slightly at Helene's abrupt question.

"Why, no, my dearest child; how should I know what occasions your father's absence?" she hastily replied.

"Perhaps he has been unavoidably detained, and, as I was saying to Helene, may still come," said Gaspard.

"True," murmured Madame Beaumont.

"I feel sure that he will come now," said Helene.

At that moment a maid came from the house and advanced towards them.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Beaumont, "perhaps he is here even now. Ive, my good Marie, what news do you bring? Has Monsieur de Fontenelle arrived?"

"No, Madame, 'tis not Monsieur de Fontenelle," replied the maid, "but a stranger who desires to see Madame. He sends no name, but begs that Madame favor him with an audience without delay, as his business is important."

"'Tis to be hoped it may prove so to excuse his peremptoriness," said Madame Beaumont, with a shrug of her shoulders, as she rose to her feet.

She moved away, followed by the maid. Helene turned towards Gaspard, the rich color faded in her cheeks and lips.

"A stranger whose business is important and admits of no delay," she murmured. "Perhaps 'tis a messenger from our father, Gaspard, to whom some ill has befallen."

"Thou art nervous and out of sorts, little one," said Gaspard, tenderly taking her hand in his. "It all comes of thy disappointment at the non-appearance of our father."

"Perhaps so," said Helene, wearily.

They sat hand in hand in silence. No premonition came to them that thus were swiftly passing the last moments of that quiet, tranquil life which to Helene, at least, had grown intolerable.

Twenty minutes or so went by; then Marie again left the house and approached them.

"Mademoiselle, Monsieur, Madame desires your presence," she said.

"Your father has met with an accident and is dying."

"'Tis as I feared," murmured Helene, while Gaspard's beautiful, boyish face grew pale and troubled as he followed his sister to the house.

Madame Beaumont was standing by the mantelpiece in the small drawing room. Both Helene and Gaspard regarded her anxiously. They had never seen her so pale and disturbed.

Helene almost immediately turned her attention upon the man who stood opposite Madame Beaumont.

He was a man about thirty-five years of age and of magnificent physique. His broad shoulders and powerful limbs looked out of place in the small, daintily furnished room. He was very dark and his fine face possessed a certain bold beauty. His mouth was insolent and his eyes daring. As the sister and brother entered he glanced quickly from one to the other, then his eyes remained upon Helene, as she turned hers upon him, however, he allowed his to fall.

Madame Beaumont was the first to speak; her usual placid voice was slightly tremulous.

"Gaspard, Helene, my dear children," she said, looking from one to the other, then her eyes rested upon Gaspard, full of yearning tenderness, as he moved to her side, "I have, alas, tidings of ill for you. Your father, Monsieur de Fontenelle, has met with an accident. It is his desire that you, his children, go to him immediately. This man, Pedro Carollo, has been sent by your father and will conduct you to him."

Helene moved a little nearer to the man, Pedro Carollo.

"Is our father dying?" she asked.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, he is dying," came the answer after a momentary hesitation.

The girl turned her pale face towards her brother.

"Come, Gaspard," she said, "let us make our preparations to go to our father."

As Gaspard and Helene passed from the room to make ready for their departure, Madame Beaumont turned towards Pedro Carollo.

"Ah, tell me, will they return to me again?" she asked, tremulously.

"I do not think it possible, Madame," was the grim reply.

"Ah, my life will be indeed, desolate, for they are very dear to me," murmured Madame Beaumont. "And may heaven watch over and protect them, the angels passionately.

The man made no reply, indeed he did not appear to hear her; he moved restlessly and watched the door with impatient eyes.

At length the door opened and Gaspard and Helene, attired for a journey, entered. Madame Beaumont moved forward to meet them. She tenderly embraced both, her faded blue eyes full of tears.

"Adieu, my dear ones," she murmured, "I shall remember you always in my prayers."

"We shall meet again, dear Madame," said Gaspard, as he tenderly and reverently kissed her brow.

"Pardon, Monsieur," said Pedro, "but it is urgent that we leave."

Leaving Madame Beaumont weeping in the chair Gaspard and Helene followed Pedro from the house.

At the gate which opened into the garden a horse was in waiting. Gaspard assisted Helene to enter and then seated himself by her side. Pedro mounted to the seat beside the driver. The latter whipped up his horse and they started towards Paris.

CHAPTER II.

It had been dark for some hours when Helene and Gaspard alighted from the stage coach before a tavern on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. There had been hardly a word spoken during the journey. Gaspard had once attempted to make some inquiries, but Pedro interrupted him, saying:

"It is quite useless, Monsieur, to seek any information of me. Rest satisfied with the assurance that from your father you will learn all that you desire to know."

As they alighted from the coach a tall, strong fellow, the host of the hostlery, came from the low, dark doorway of the tavern. He approached Pedro, saying:

"Do you on at once?"

Pedro turned towards Helene.

"You have to rest and have some refreshment, Mademoiselle, before proceeding further," he said.

"No," she replied, "let us not delay a moment longer than is absolutely necessary."

"Very good," said Pedro; "Andre, bring the horses."

The man addressed as Andre moved away and Pedro turned to the landlord who had approached.

"Bring quickly some wine," he said.

By the time the wine was brought and Gaspard and Helene had partaken of a small glass, Andre reappeared, leading three horses. Seeing that none of them was equipped for a lady, Gaspard looked inquiringly at Pedro. The latter hastened to explain that, as the road was both long and difficult, it would be necessary for Mademoiselle to ride with him while Andre would look after monsieur. This was by no means to Gaspard's liking, for he both distrusted and disliked the bold, dark Pedro, but before he had time to utter a protest, Helene had accepted Pedro's offer and hastily, towards the horse indicated by Pedro, Surrounded by Gaspard's peace of mind the darkness, broken but fitfully by the light above the tavern door, and the occasional light which lamped in Pedro's eyes.

The latter lifted Helene upon the horse and then swung himself lightly into the saddle, placing Helene in front of him. Then he rode forward into the blackness of the forest, followed by Gaspard and Andre who had also mounted.

It was intensely dark, but Pedro's horse went swiftly forward, penetrating deeper and deeper into the forest. They were evidently traversing a carriage road, for Andre and Gaspard rode abreast. They rode thus for an hour or so and then suddenly Pedro drew rein. Andre followed suit and swinging himself from his horse moved forward in the darkness.

After a few minutes Helene and Gaspard heard a grating sound and, immediately, Pedro's horse sprang forward. It was evident to Helene that they were now riding along a bridle path from the increased gloom, the nearer rustling of the leaves and the frequent brushing of the branches across her face.

In the meantime Andre had returned to Gaspard.

"Give your horse a free rein," he said, "he will take you all right."

Gaspard obeyed and the horse plunged forward at a gallop.

After about quarter of an hour's riding the path suddenly gave way to open space and Helene, and also Gaspard, who had followed closely, perceived a great somber mass, looming out of the darkness, which gradually assumed the shapes of a large building.

Pedro sprang from his horse.

"Your journey is at an end, Mademoiselle," he said, turning to assist Helene to the ground.

Helene's heart beat quickly. She possessed more of the dauntlessness and fearlessness of a man than the softer attributes of a woman, and, but for her anxiety and grief on account of her father, would have found something pleasant in the excitement and mystery of the latter part of the journey.

"Alight, Monsieur," said Pedro to Gaspard, and the latter sprang to the ground. He at once moved to Helene's side and took her hand.

She felt his hand tremble and murmured, with quick scorn:

"Afraid, are you afraid?"

"Not for myself, Helene," he answered, gently. "But my fears for you are great and oppressive. I like not this strange Journey in the darkness of the night. I appeare to me that we have been brought to some haunt of mystery and crime. For

"I am the Chief of the Scarlet Masks."

myself it matters naught, but my anxiety for you is almost unendurable."

"Dismiss your fears, Gaspard," said Helene, "I have assured I shall have need to protect myself if it become necessary. But you appear to forget, my brother, that it is our father who has summoned us here. That knowledge should assure you of my safety and your own."

Gaspard made no reply, for at that moment Pedro, who had moved to a short distance, gave a shrill, peculiar whistle. Some moments later one of the darkness appeared four men bearing torches. By the flickering light Gaspard and Helene saw the grim outlines of a castle partly in ruins.

Their attention, however, was immediately attracted by the form of a tall man approaching them. They were tall fellows enveloped in long black mantles. They were soft wide hats and each man's face was covered with a scarlet mask.

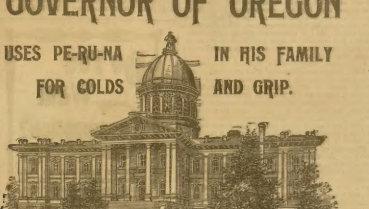
Gaspard uttered a smothered exclamation.

"What is the matter, Gaspard?" asked Helene, in a whisper.

"Helene," he replied, in an agitated tone, "we are in the power or stronghold of the Bandits of the Scarlet Mask. I heard of them from one

GOVERNOR OF OREGON

USES PE-RU-NA IN HIS FAMILY FOR COLDS AND GRIP.



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman has received hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artizan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the catarrh remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catarrh as their greatest enemy, are equally enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold in the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it constantly in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SALEM, May 5, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly,
W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

had been ill, raving in delirium. As soon as I was well again I joined the bandits. After a time the longing to learn something of my wife became insupportable, and I determined to pay a visit to the cottage. I knew but too well that it was Charles de Kercheval who had carried off and carried out the plot to ruin me, and the thought of my young wife unprotected, at his mercy, was maddening. I disguised myself and went to the cottage; it was closed and deserted. I went to the chateau and there learned that my poor girl-wife was dead. She had always been terrified and believing me a thief, she had succumbed under her intense grief and remorse for my fancied heart. My children, I learned, were being cared for by the old housekeeper, Charlotte's aunt. I determined to allow them to remain with her for the present.

"I returned here, finding some alleviation of my grief in the wild, adventurous life of the bandit. After a year had passed I determined to obtain possession of my children. I watched my opportunity and one day stole you both from the maid who was giving you an airing in the grounds of the chateau. It was not my intention, however, to bring you here; I intended that your lives should be spent in peace, honor and security, and had not death overtaken me before the return of my life was accomplished, you would never have known the truth regarding yourself. Before you both to Madame Beaumont who had been governess to the wife of Charles de Kercheval. She had always shown me such kindness, I was perfectly frank with her in regard to myself, thinking it wiser not to deceive her. Then I asked her to take charge of my children, offering her a liberal sum for expense.

"She was naturally very much shocked upon learning that I had become an outlaw and a bandit, but, being kind-hearted, she pitied me and took the money and the money. I offered her, which would enable her to live in comfort, and a great temptation. So it ended in her consenting. After ten years on with the bandits, during which time I won their affection and admiration by recklessness and daring, I was made their chief. Then ten more years passed. Though fifty years of age I was as strong as the youngest and most nervous among us until a few days ago I was thrown from my horse, injured internally, and the end is—death."

"Father," cried Helene, bending over the couch, her dark eyes glittering with a light which caused Gaspard to regard her with astonishment, "what of Charles who Kercheval who ruined your life and broke my mother's heart? Surely you have not allowed such wrongs to go unavenged?"

"Yes, those cruel wrongs are still unavenged," replied Henri de Fontenelle. "I have waited all these years to have vengeance snatched from me at last. But this is why I have summoned you, my children, to my deathbed, for it is you, Gaspard, who must be the avenger of my wrongs and your dead mother's. It is your hand which must mete out punishment to Charles de Kercheval."

"How is it possible for me to do this, Father?" asked Gaspard.

"As my successor as chief of the Scarlet Masks, the work of vengeance lies ready to your hand," replied Henri de Fontenelle. The most remarkable and interesting novel will be continued in next week's Ledger. See our new special subscription offer on page twelve.

A GEORGIA DOCTOR

Says Coffee Causes Rheumatism and Heart Trouble.

"Especial praise must be taken by physicians prescribing Postum Food Coffee. Insist that it be boiled long enough to extract the full value of the ingredients, otherwise it may be under-boiled and disappoint the patients.

"I was finally compelled to abandon coffee altogether as it made me extremely nervous and dimsy and upset my digestion.

"I have laid in bed many nights fearing to go to sleep because of the palpitation and skipping of the heart, and knowing the terrible consequences likely to follow the constant stimulation from coffee.

"I am of the opinion that weak and nervous people who have used coffee a long time, should be given a liberal allowance of Postum Food Coffee as in such cases you have present an extensively lowered tone of the nervous system, resulting in dyspepsia, irritable heart action, etc., etc., brought about by repeated doses of the drug we call coffee.

"It is a physiological fact that the nervous system presides over and controls the nutrition of the entire body.

"Postum Food Coffee containing the phosphates and albuminoids naturally and beautifully combined, makes an admirable nerve and tissue builder.

"One of my patients, Mrs. A. W., suffered constantly from indigestion and rheumatism, also from trouble with her heart and insomnia.

"I finally succeeded, after a multitude of arguments, in inducing her to abandon the coffee and use Postum, with a most flattering result.

"She began to sleep well at once, the stomach and heart trouble disappeared as did the rheumatism almost gradually however. Coffee produces Uric Acid and rheumatism in many cases, and the reason for forbidding its use is plain.

"This is but one case I refer to. I prescribed Postum Food Coffee very frequently as I know of its great value."

Catering to Their Taste.

First Dear Girl—This is Grace Darling's sixth season, yet look how many admirers she has.

Second Dear Girl—Yes. I'm getting to believe that men like everything well seasoned.

The Dachshunds and the Kid.

The funniest picture published. Send ten cents for a framing copy. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A. Monon Route, Chicago.

LURED BY LOVE.

(Continued from page five.)

"Oh, Charley, it is too much; I cannot do it."

"You must. I will not be balked. I will kill you both if it becomes necessary."

She looked at him with horror in her eyes. "But there is no time," he urged.

"All that is necessary. Did you make an engagement with him for tonight?"

"Yes; he is coming down to the house."

"Good. At half-past nine as you can take a walk with him. You can jolly him up and fill him full of wine; I fancy it will be the last he will ever get. When you get as far as the schoolhouse suggest that you sit on the steps. Let him sit on the outside, with his back to the exposed side of the steps, so that you can take off your shoes and stars to fill in the time, and at an opportune moment I will ring in a few that he will not be able to count."

"Oh, God!" whispered Anne, "this is awful!"

"Can't help it. I dread the deed as much as you, but I realize the position in which we are placed, and am determined to take the only way out of it. You come to me for help, and now that I am ready and willing to help you, you must not get timid and fail to carry out your part. I will never, myself up to do my share of the work, and you must do likewise. It is that or prison. And I don't imagine you fancy that any more than I do. Goodby for the present, and don't fail to be on hand at half-past nine."

This strong story of a crime and its consequences will be continued next week. See new special subscription offer on page twelve.

Woman Wonderful of China.

The empress dowager is by birth a Tartar. The fact is worth noting. Tartars do not mutilate their daughters' feet. The empress had four of hers. At the age of eleven she was sold to a mandarin. In and about his household feet took her where her superiors could not go. A Chinese girl who marries passes from one prison to another. Of the outer world she knows nothing. Of that outer world her slaves know all. A girl slave was with little Tai An. What she did not know she guessed and what she did not guess she learned. She learned to dance. A boy could not equal her. She learned to read. On the tip of her tongue were a hundred stories, each more diverting than the other. On the tom-tom she learned to beat. These three notes that are dear to the Orient she repeated surprisingly. Hard-to-execute difficult things, too—how to arrange a basket of fruit, how to touch flowers so as to smile and how to hold her tongue. Astonished at the prodigy, the mandarin sent her as a curiosity to his sovereign's palace. One day the Son of Heaven noticed her. The slave became a favorite. Presently the mandarin's harem also a secondary wife. There, one might suppose, that had she ambitions they would have rested. It was there they began. Through that it is eleven years ago, they have been increasing ever since.

Animals Never Thirsty.

There are in the world several kinds of animals that have never swallowed a drop of water. Among the ruminants include the llamas of Patagonia and certain gazelles of the far north. The gazelle, lived fifty-two years in the London zoological gardens without taste of drink, and some naturalists think that hares take no liquid except the dew that sometimes form on the grass blades. Then, A considerable part of the reptiles—serpents, lizards, and certain batrachians—live and grow for months at a time is no water at all. Finally, there are, then, the birds, the flamingoes, and the Lozere, herds of cows and goats which never drink, and which nevertheless produce the milk of which the famous Roquefort cheese is made.

Curious Cullings.

The Roman bride when being dressed for the wedding ceremony had her hair parted with the point of a spear.

The Spartan mother who dreamed her son would be killed in the morning kept him home from battle. An hour later he fell from a third-story window and died instantly.

The Swedish bride fills her pocket with bread, which she dispenses to everyone she meets, in order that the poor may bless she disposes of greeting, as she believes, a superfluous.

Two ceremonies in Burma mark when children stops at manhood or womanhood begins. The boys have their legs tattooed in brilliant blue and red patterns and the girls their ears bored.

Historic Tree Stump.

The stump of the tree to which Israel Putnam was once tied in the French and Indian war is still standing in the little village of Brooklyn, Conn., in the eastern part of New York. It was in the course of this campaign that Putnam, at the time of the French invasion in August, 1758, that he was captured by the Indians and tied to this tree.

Recent Trade With Spain.

Oregon children naturally keep track of commercial and international affairs, for their state is extensively embarked in intimate relations with the wheat markets of the world.

A class in geography was reciting in one of the grammar grade rural schoolhouses, when the matter of the interchange of commerce and natural products came up for discussion and review. After referring to other countries and explaining what kind of articles were shipped to Germany, France, and England the teacher put to the class this question:

"What do we send to Spain?"

A number of little hands went up all over the room, indicating a readiness and desire to answer and the teacher told a bright-eyed little girl at the farther end of the room that she might tell, and she said:

"We send soldiers to Spain."

"Yes, that is true," said the teacher; "but can you tell what we receive in return?"

"We get islands," came the answer promptly from the same little girl.—Portland Oregonian.

AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

A potato went on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's one for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.

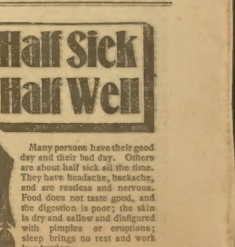
The onion, weeping, cried,
"Your love I cannot buy;
The radish he your lawful bride;
You cantelope with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
Are sweet enough for me."

And I, too, am an early rose;
And you've come to seed;
So don't turn up your lowly nose,
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please;
The mustard comes mostly said,
The pickings are few, at least
I think that you have been seen
Myself, or smelled my sign;
You long a maiden I have been
For flavors in you crave."

"Ah, spare a cumb!" the tuber prayed;
"My cheeks are little pale;
You are the only weeping maid
That's come near me of late;
And as the wily tuber spoke,
The caught her in his arms,
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his charms.


Half Sick
Half Well
Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.
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If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the dormant action of the liver; they cure biliousness.
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LURED BY LOVE.

The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.

By H. R. HUMANS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. The preference is and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charley Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician that not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win him love by her fiendish during Marsh's trial. The money a bunchback, sees Marsh rob the bank and sees Anne assist Marsh in the work. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village ...rchal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris leaves the village under bail. Anne decided to keep secret her connection with Anne's crime and goes to the jail interview for her own selfish purpose. Anne and Bessie have an interview in which she is very kind to him by asking his help in remembering the character of her sister. The evil rumors about Bessie grow and her father drives her from home. She wanders away and falls in a faint by the roadside. She is searched for in vain, a kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. Anne starts a slander concerning Bessie. Charley Marsh seeks to shield from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misdeeds. He tells Anne that he will marry her and so silence the slander concerning Bessie. Charley Marsh seeks the home of the kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. Anne starts a slander concerning Bessie. Charley Marsh seeks to shield from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misdeeds. He tells Anne that he will marry her and so silence the slander concerning Bessie. Charley Marsh seeks the home of the kind-hearted old widow's sheltering with a train for Chicago to procure a license and preacher and the ceremony is started, although Bessie is unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.

ANNIE CAJOLING WINS.

It was but an instant of happiness for Charles Marsh as he stood holding the hand of Bessie waiting for the minister to proceed with the marriage ceremony. Although Bessie was not to events in the world, and unable to protect herself, she had a staunch friend guarding her, and that friend now interposed.

"Stop right there!" commanded Granny West. "You shall not attempt such a mockery of God's holy ordinance. Shame on you, Parson Jenkins, to be guilty of such an attempt to marry a girl when she is unconscious of what is taking place around her. Bessie is innocent of what she is charged, no matter what Charley Marsh or anyone else says. You drove her from your home, Jason Paxton, and she came here. So long as she is under my roof I will protect her. I have heard her say many times that she hated Charley Marsh, so I know she would not consent to marry him if she knew what was taking place."

"But this is a case out of the ordinary," retorted the minister, "her reputation is directly pends upon it."

"Yes, and her life depends upon proper care and treatment just now. When she is well, if that time ever comes, then you may talk of marriage," replied the old lady.

"But think if she should die unmarried with the stain on her name," urged the minister.

"The God above us makes no mistakes, and false accusations are of no moment before his throne."

At this juncture Doctor Smith arrived. He was somewhat nonplussed at the situation, but he was a man accustomed to him, and he proceeded to attend the patient. It took but a moment to diagnose the case, and replying to a question simply remarked that brain fever.

The advisability of performing the ceremony was then left to the physician, and he answered: "I most certainly object. It would be simply a form---no marriage at all. It would be a fraud on Miss Marsh. The girl is unconscious and could not answer the responses rationally. I think you should postpone it until she has recovered sufficiently to know what is taking place."

"Then, Mr. Paxton, you must remember that I am ready at any time to make Bessie my wife," spoke up Charley Marsh, much chagrined at the interruption of his plans.

"Certainly. You will be called upon to make good your promise as soon as she is able. The engagement will be announced and everything possible done to relieve the disgrace already attached to her name," replied Jason Paxton.

"In the meantime," remarked Doctor Smith, "she must have the best of care, for her life depends upon it."

"Never fear; she will have the care," replied Granny West.

While Charley Marsh was making an effectual attempt to marry Bessie Paxton a scene was being enacted in the county jail that brought despair to John Burris.

Knowing that his case would soon come up for trial, and conscious of his innocence, he desired to make some defense when called upon to plead. Accordingly he had sent for one of the best attorneys of which the county boasted. Lawyer Baxter gradeingly consented to call on the young doctor, and on the morning ...on of he appeared at John Burris' cell to confer with him.

"Now, young man, make a clean breast of everything, and I will see what I can do for you. Mind you, I am not over-anxious for the case, as you have no money to defend yourself and we are beaten before we start."

"You believe me guilty, then?" asked John.

"Certainly. The only point to combat is length of sentence, and your only hope of escaping sentence is the possible clemency of the court."

"But, Mr. Baxter, I am innocent."

"Tut, tut; don't lie to me. Tell me all, and I will do my best for you."

"I do not see how you can represent me at the bar if you go in with the determination of belief in my guilt."

"Well, we will waive that now. What are the facts from your point of view?"

"I know nothing except that I am wrongfully accused. Someone who is my enemy must have done this deed and planned it so suspicion would fall on me."

"Have you any enemies?"

"I do not know. I was surprised to find that I had one."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"That is all."

"Very poor basis to work on, when the evidence is so strong against you."

"It is purely circumstantial."

"You are wrong. Charley Marsh's identification of you is positive evidence."

"Someone must have disguised himself to look like me, so completely fool him."

"Is that your theory?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will see what I can do. However, I can give you no hope. The court's clemency is your only chance, and I will prepare specially for that. Good-day," and the lawyer bowed himself out, thinking of the foolishness in consenting to handle the case at all.

John Burris was utterly cast down. He had hoped that a shrewd lawyer would see a chance to clear him by working from the conspirer's standpoint, but when Lawyer Baxter, who was known as "the wonder" and unable to protect herself, she had a staunch friend guarding her and that friend now interposed.

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"Well, John," commenced the banker, "I presume you have changed your plea of our call."

"I do not know," replied Doctor Burris, "I hoped that a shrewd lawyer would see a chance to clear him by working from the conspirer's standpoint, but when Lawyer Baxter, who was known as 'the wonder' and friends in days gone by, so completely deserted him, he knew that he was under sentence by Charley Marsh when he called in the services of Lawyer Baxter."

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"Your inference is correct, and I have brought Charley Marsh or any one else with you before he was laid up from the effects of a blow on his head. He is here in entirety to mine. We are kindly disposed toward you, and are willing to help you out of the trouble you are in. We do not want to prosecute you."

"What you ask me to do is impossible, gentlemen. I am entirely innocent of the charges against me. Why should I plead guilty against me I will stand trial."

"Such a course is, to say the least, ill-advised," commented Charley Marsh.

"There is no hope for you, except to throw yourself a term in the penitentiary if you force us to prosecute you. The finding of the stolen money in your possession is evidence; but it assumes a most convincing aspect when you add to it the positive identification of you as being my assistant. In the face of any question that could arise would be that of whether I was acting for the bank or myself, and I know I have no with to do you harm, and have no object in swearing away your liberty and happiness."

Charles Marsh was a skillful liar, and he spoke in such a convincing manner with the idea that he was indeed sorry for the sad plight of John Burris.

"We are in a position to be lenient with you, John," insisted the banker. "The money has been recovered, and our only object now is to fix the identity of the robber in the eyes of the public. The public to a man believes you guilty and will insist on prosecution unless you plead guilty. On the other hand, if you confess and manifest a spirit of repentance the public will give you some sympathy, and following our lead, allow you to go free. You can then start living in this community is forever ruined, but to show you how much I sympathize with you I will supply you with money sufficient to leave here and establish yourself some place where you can escape the stigma that follows your crime. I do this from purely philanthropic motives, and because I do not believe you wholly bad. I think you were just tempted beyond your power to withstand, and am willing to forgive you. Come, John, don't compel us to appear against you. I urged the banker."

The young doctor had been pacing up and down his cell during the conversation, thinking, not so much of what they were saying to him, as he was of his seemingly hopeless state, and of the rumors he had heard concerning Bessie.

"Pardon the digression, gentlemen, but will you tell me what foundation there is for the story I have heard about Bessie Paxton?" he asked. The sudden change of the subject clearly showed what was uppermost in his mind.

The sheriff had kept him posted on the gossip that was current in the village, and the young doctor had been worrying more about Bessie's plight than he had his own. His mind was too much occupied with these rumors and the emotions they caused for him to consider his own case, and since he had heard that a marriage license had been issued to Charley Marsh and Bessie Paxton, he felt that here was an opportunity to learn the truth.

"I do not know what you have heard, John," answered Charley Marsh, "but I can tell you the facts in the case, and I presume that is what you want. Yesterday while I was out of town a report that was circulated hinted at improper relations between Bessie and Bedell, the evaporator man, giving time and place. Her father heard the report and drove her from home. When I heard it the next morning I promptly gave it the lie, as I well could, for it was I instead of Bedell who was in her company at the time in question. I hunted Jason Paxton up, and to square matters, offered to marry her. She was out at Granny West's and was sick, so we decided to wait until she was a little better, when we will be married. That is the whole affair in a nutshell."

"And does Bessie consent to this? Does she not deny the charge?" demanded Doctor Burris.

"Deny?" laughed Charley; "why, what earthly good would it do to deny it? And as to consenting to the marriage, I should imagine she was immensely glad that I had secured so many of them."

"Oh, God! can this be true?"

"Yes, it's true as gospel. Anne told me that Bessie had confessed to Bedell. It was news to me, as I always thought you fancied Anne. It is pretty tough on you, I admit, but I guess you ought to thank God you are no worse off. She did not love you, I am sure, for she has insisted half a dozen times since that I should not marry her, but I never had any intention of doing it, and told her emphatically that I wouldn't. She said a number when you proposed and snapped you up. I consider that I am entitled to some consideration for coming to her and now that the scandal is out, although I suppose from a moral standpoint I should have married her anyway." Charley saw that Doctor Burris was convinced of Bessie's guilt, and he did not hesitate to make them doubly strong.

"How vile, when I thought her pure and true! My God! what a creature a woman can be! To think that all the while she was as false as the devil himself!" exclaimed the doctor, and he was in outrageous wrath.

"You are pretty nearly right," replied his persecutor, "but there are some who are not all right; Bessie's sister, for instance," and the wicked young man smiled to himself of the distortion.

"Yes, Bessie's sister," thought Doctor Burris, and he looked up and down his narrow cell; "and she loves me, too. Oh, if I was but free, I could rejoice and rejoice. I could rejoice at the downfall of that fair false love of mine, for she has wrecked my happiness. Anne would never have acted so."

"Don't let this ruin your happiness, John. You have a chance to get away from here, and then you could forget it all," urged Mr. Marsh.

"I cannot answer you today. Just now my brain is in a whirl from these revelations. This unhappy termination of my love affair makes me a changed man. I must face fate, and I may accept your offer. Come again or your answer."

"Very well, then, we will not bother you more now," and the banker started to go.

Charley Marsh was glad of the fact he felt that he was about to gain his desire, and he knew that John did not end the matter then that Doctor Burris might change his mind, and all his plans concerning would be lost.

"Wait, do not go; don't hurry away. I am sure John will see his way clear to confess now, and thus end the matter."

"I have no right to work on his feelings in that way. When he is ready to confess he will call for us," replied Mr. John."

"I will; and I thank you for your consideration. Good-day."

Charley Marsh lost no time in finding Anne Paxton. He had but to walk past the Paxton home, and she, ever on the alert, saw him return.

"Go right down to the jail and see Burris. Tell him you have heard the story told about Bessie's actions, and he is in the depths of despair. Some of your tender work. I think he will sign a confession and agree to any suggestion you make, if you go about it right. Don't lose a minute." Anne followed his advice and went immediately down to the cell where she loved so much.

"I am afraid your visit is ill-timed, Anne," he said when greeting her. "I am in a bad mood to either receive or give."

"All the more reason why I should come, then, John. You are in trouble, and I am mine; that which distresses you finds a sympathetic chord in my heart. When a woman loves she loves with her whole heart, and she suffers when her adored one suffers."

"Do not, Anne, add to the struggle for me to believe that Bessie is the stained creature you have made her out to be. I refuse to believe it my heart cries out in rebellion. I cannot make myself believe it."

"Ah, John, your grief at her sin is great; but, by your own words, you love her still. Is not yours? Think of the father, mother and sister who have always had such faith in her---think of the man to whom she now confess that the story is true."

"I think that is plain. Even if I did have absolute faith in her, she will be married before I get out of jail. Yes, happiness from that source is denied me. The only thing now left is to look out for myself, and I have but little care for my end is. I have almost decided to accept the offer made by Charley Marsh."

"What is that?" innocently asked Anne.

"He has asked me if I would consent to prosecute me, and will not if I confess. Then aside from that, he shows a spirit of friendliness that is strange under the circumstances, yet in keeping with his generous nature. He offered to give me money enough to leave the country that I might escape from my reputation. It seems hard that an innocent man should be compelled to consider such an alternative, but when my own lawyer gives me no hope it makes it the only way out."

"I would not like you to confess, John, but it is your only chance of escaping a long sentence. The villagers are very bitter against you, and there is no chance of proving your innocence; so why not do it, and

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then go far away? Take me with you as your wife," and she twined her arms lovingly about his neck. "I will make up to you in love what you have lost here."

"Would you become the wife of a man so utterly ruined as I?" he asked, as he looked wonderingly into her love-lit eyes.

"I would willingly become your wife, whatever the circumstances—even if you were guilty."

"Such love and confidence deserves a better reward."

"I repent," she answered, softly, with a caress."

"It is hard to yield the struggle. I would not mind it so much but that I am certain the people will think none the less of you for having confessed. They will say the story was too great for you to bear, and you will have their sympathy and respect. Accept the counsel of one who loves you and believes you innocent," pleaded the girl.

"There is yet time. Almost a month before my trial comes off, and before then I may accept their proposition."

"And miss me, John?" she asked.

"Yes; if Bessie is married then I will take you with me."

"Oh, what happiness!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him again and again. "My love has at last softened your heart."

"Your sympathy and love are all that is left me. My love and reputation are both gone."

Anna Paxton left him feeling happy that she had at last won his promise.

CHAPTER X.

BILLY GLEN SHOWS HIS HAND.

Anne Paxton's heart was light and happy as she blithely tripped down the steps of the jail. Roseate vistons of happiness danced before her eyes. There seemed no obstacle in her way now, and in a short time she would be married to the man for love of whom she had sinned. Then they would go far away and her love would be so great and she would make him so happy that he would forget his bitter experience in plain, homely old Brickville.

In the excess of her joy over the victory so successfully accomplished she had forgotten Billy Glen and the awful way he could avenge any fancied wrong with him. She was suddenly reminded of his existence, and her happy dream was rudely shattered when she encountered him as she walked toward her home.

"Have you forgotten that I am in this little scheme you and Charley Marsh are so industriously generating?"

"What do you mean?" faltered Anne.

"That's right; play the innocent. It is so interesting when you attempt it," was the sarcastic answer. "To be plain, I know your latest dodge. I managed to get into the jail and heard most of your interview with John Burris."

"You mean?" she hissed.

"Yes, I admit it but a fellow has to be a sneak to keep pace with such people as you and Marsh. But you think you can get Burris to confess and leave the country! Well, I don't object to that, but it is foolish for you to waste your time in getting his promise to take you along. I see now why you wanted me to circulate that story about Doctor Burris's visit at a tool I was for doing it. You intention led me into doing your dirty work and the reward is your interest in me. Play on, sir. But you can't fool me again. I will not be thrown down. You may be as wicked as the devil himself and try all the schemes he may suggest to you to escape me, but I will have you in spite of all."

"You will get little satisfaction in compelling me to marry you," laughed the girl harshly.

"I suppose it will be a sort of 'cat and dog' affair. Sometimes I think of taking my revenge in telling the whole affair. Then again I imagine it will be more satisfaction for me to stand by and make your proud spirit bend to my will. You being such a beautiful woman and I so madly in love with you is your salvation, and the sole reason you are not in John Burris' place. Oh, won't I be happy when I can treat you as my slave! You will never dare disobey me. I'll hold your crimes over your head as a menace as long as you live, and your only chance of happiness will be utter and complete submission to my will. I am going to commence dictating right now, and first of all, I forbid you going near Burris again."

"I will not obey you!" she cried.

"I rather guess you will, provided you do not want to be the subject of the next Brickville sensation and Sheriff Benson's next guest. Furthermore, I believe it would be best if our marriage was not longer delayed. You might give me the slip and skip some night with Burris. When we are married I can watch you better."

"But I am not ready to marry you," cried Anne, very much alarmed at his tone, and the way he was bringing affairs to a focus.

"Never mind that; I am not consulting your wishes in this matter. If I did I would go off and commit suicide, leaving you to marry Burris when he succeed in getting him free. I suppose that arrangement would suit you," he sneered.

"Indeed it would," replied Anne, with some emphasis.

"Well, do not hope for such an accommodation. I have not the least notion of doing so. Tomorrow morning I will get a license and at 10 o'clock will call on you in company with Reverend Johnson. Immediately after our arrival there will be a wedding, and Anne Paxton will be the bride. You will have plenty of time to get ready, as I am not particular about my wife's wardrobe, and you will not need any trousseau or a whole trunkful of things out of my sight. You must be ready tomorrow, and submit without a whimper."

"Very well," answered Anne, with a sigh of despair. "I suppose I must. I cannot afford to quarrel with you but I must leave you now, it is supper time and they will be wondering where I am. Come down tonight about half-past eight; I must talk it over with you."

"All right; I will be here."

Anne ran into the house and waited till

"There will be a wedding and Anna Paxton will be the bride."

she saw him turn away, then she walked hurriedly out the front way, Charley Marsh and tell him of her terrible interview. Surely he would know of some way out of the trouble that was menacing them.

Billy was suspicious that she would rush off to see Marsh and he was watching for her. When he saw her start up the street he turned and followed her. She, looking back and, seeing him, waited for him to join her.

"Are you going up town?" she asked.

"Well, come on. I must hurry to the grocery for some coffee," was the ile she offered in excuse for accompanying him.

"Sure you are not going to see Charley Marsh?" he queried, suspiciously.

"No," she laughed. "I had not thought of it."

"Then I guess I will not go," and he turned back again.

Anne hastened to the grocery, made her purchase and started for home. She hoped to see Charley Marsh, for she knew that he was afraid Billy was watching her.

Luck favored her, for as she crossed the street the young man came to the door of the bank. She signaled him, and he joined her in the walk home.

"Wait until dark, Anne?" he asked, when they were safely out of hearing of some farmers who were standing near the bank.

"I have no cause to wait now so far as John is concerned. He will undoubtedly accept your offer, but I am certain he will not until you and Bessie are married. He promised that he would make me his wife, if Bessie married you; so you see everything depends upon your success. I think you should not be angry with me for starting that story. Had it not been for that nothing would have kept Bessie away from him, and you know what that would mean."

"You are right, Anne; perhaps I was harsh about it, but you see it hurt me quite a little. However it is all right now, and I fancy Doctor Burris will have an opportunity to keep his promise very soon. The doctor has Bessie's fever under control, and I mean to have the ceremony performed just as soon as she is able. It looks as if we will win without any more trouble."

"I am afraid not. Just as it seems success was about to crown our efforts, ill luck sets in."

"What do you mean?"

"It is something I should have told you about before this, but somehow I kept putting it off. Now I fear it is too late to accomplish any means of settlement."

"Well, out with it," he demanded.

"Billy Glen knows it all. He was spying on us the night we robbed the bank. He saw you hide the money, followed you back and saw me strike you in the bank. Also, I got him to circulate that story about Bessie."

"Well, we can settle with him with money."

"No, I have only been able to keep him quiet by promising to marry him. You know he has always been infatuated with me, and now that he has a hold on me he is insanely jealous and will hear to no compromise except that I marry him. I have had but little trouble with him until today. He found out that you had offered Doctor Burris immunity if he would confess and leave here, and that I was trying to win his love and promise to take me away with him. Billy was furious and demands that I marry him tomorrow. If I don't he will tell the whole miserable story. That means prison for you and I, and in addition a term for criminal libel for me."

"Then you had better marry him," suggested Marsh.

"Never! I would kill myself first! Do you suppose after all I have done to win John Burris I would give him up and marry that excuse for a man?"

"Well, what would you do? Can you see any other way out of the difficulty?"

"No; I thought perhaps you could suggest some scheme."

(Continued on page three.)

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A Michigan Man Offers to Send His Discovery Free.

Claims to Be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

A citizen of Marshall, Mich., believes he has solved the problem as to whether life is worth the struggle. In his own particular case, there is no doubt but what he is glad to be alive, and the secret of it he is willing to send free to any man who will take the trouble to write for it. From his statements, all cases that for many years he suffered with extreme nervousness, brought on by circumstance that happened before reaching an age when men are supposed to know what they are doing and to measure the consequence thereof.

Like the profession he tried, specialists, who dies offered by specialists for the treatment of weakness peculiar to men, and in this experience that drove him to a little study and research for him self. He has asserted that his 19 years' suffering both mentally and physically, was turned to tremendous gain in a single night through a rare combination of remedies, the scientific action of which, again, is the prescription of this discovery that his enthusiasm has led him to send to any man, woman or child who feels that his animation or the fire of ambition is gone, and need something that will help to brace him up and enable him to be prepared for the undertaking which may present itself, or will restore the parts to their original size and vigor. There is no question but what in his individual case the results were just as described, and it seems quite probable that any man who believes himself to be weak may profit by sending for the free prescription. Many people wonder how he can afford to give away prescription that cost him a dollar but little to do so and he feels a philanthropic interest in it, and that it is his duty to make cure themselves. Write to Prof. M. Wright, a music dealer, box 1213, Marshall, Mich., for his free prescription, which will be promptly and privately complied with.

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A PAIR OF HEROES.

With Lieutenant Hobson in the Philippines---In Quest of His Lost Love---Adventures in Iloilo.

By HENRY DALE.

SYNOPSIS.

Will Dobson and Ellen Stanley were youthful lovers, while he was at college and her father died, her uncle, a sea captain and smuggler of some efficacy, offered her a home if she would forget her lover. Will Dobson, not at first suspecting that she is now in the Philippine Islands, he also being somewhere in her and is fortunate enough to fall in with Lieutenant Hobson who is on his way to join Dewey. Dobson and a guide reach Iloilo and are attacked by insurgents. Captain Clogson, Ellen's uncle, attempts to force her to marry a man named Aiken, who is to take her to a distant and lonely island and abandon her, provided rightful title to property with Clogson. She escapes and finds Will Dobson instead. He has also made a Negrito tribe who have captured him. She recognizes him and flees. So, too, does the American watching. Clogson and Aiken follow her with a band of natives. Will shoots and kills Aiken and Clogson is captured. Will and Ellen leave the ship and taken out to sea. Will is given a mental trial and they prepare to bathe him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOVERS MEET.

Ellen Stanley was a brave girl, but she knew that she was wholly in the power of the unscrupulous uncle. He had brought her among strange people and knew that she was beyond the protection of law and civilization.

When her uncle coolly announced that as a consideration for her return home he would annul that hated contract, she was for a moment stunned. She shrank into a corner and hid her face with her hands while she mentally prayed to heaven for aid. As she prayed she remembered the idea of inducing them by a pretense to acquiesce in their wishes. Raising her face to her uncle she said:

"Uncle Robert, you are all the relative I have. You are older and more experienced than I, and must know best about such things.

"This was so different from what Captain Clogson had suspected that he was delighted.

"Why, of course, child you are right. It has always been my wish to do just what was right for you. I am the best friend you have in the world and for your only relative it is the one wish of my heart to see you the wife of a man whom I know and can trust."

"Thank you, uncle."

Then Unsentimental scoundrel seated himself on a divan and resumed:

"When our dear father died I was very much grieved on your account. I thought it over and I said to myself, 'What is for the great trust?' I was a sailor and knew but little of women and children. So as I was going from this doubtful child to a beautiful woman I said: 'I must find her a suitable husband. But he must be perfect or I can have is her husband. I must find a man whose sterling worth I know and who would be worthy of you.' This man I at last found in Captain Phillip Aiken. A better seaman don't live and he will make you an excellent husband."

He paused and waited for her to answer.

Ellen knew that every word he uttered was a lie, but she realized the necessity of her determined to deceive him if such a thing was possible.

"Uncle, I thank you for your great consideration of me."

"Oh, child, you don't know what good it does my heart to realize that you are appreciative of my kindness."

"But, uncle, I must have time to prepare."

"My child, there is no preparation," declared the uncle, feeling somewhat uneasy. "We can bring a parson from the first mission at any time."

"No, uncle, I know I was raised a Protestant and cannot be married by a Catholic priest. I would be a heretic in the sight of the memory of my parents."

"Oh, the d---l, what difference does it make?" the uncle muttered, blustily.

"It makes much to me."

"You cannot get a preacher."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"From one of the American men-of-war."

Oh, that's what you're driving at, the captain declared, under his breath. Then Ellen took him aside and whispered in his ear.

"We can manage it."

"How?"

"I know a priest who will resume the role of a Filipino planter for a few days."

"But the knot must be tied securely or you will lose control of the property."

"He will tie it secure and give a certificate."

"It may be this will work. How soon can we get him?"

"When we should find him in a few hours, if he is sober enough to perform the ceremonies."

"We will try it."

The uncle led her in a mild manner that we will accede to her wishes.

The captain cleared his throat and said:

"Well, Ellen, my dear niece, Captain Aiken has just informed me that it is his desire that your wishes be consulted in everything. Captain Aiken is an honorable gentleman and is fully capable of supporting you in the manner to which you are entitled."

"Thank you, uncle."

"We will go now and get a minister."

"Get one of the ship's chaplains."

"We will try, my dear."

"But you can get one."

"We will get some one."

"But he must be a chaplain from one of the men-of-war."

"We can get one from a man-of-war," declared Captain Litton with a wink.

When he had led Captain Clogson aside he said, in an undertone:

"We can hire this fellow to claim he is a ship's chaplain."

"But he won't wear a uniform."

"No; we can explain that."

"How?"

"They won't let him wear it in the city."

"I don't know whether that will be satisfactory to her or not."

"It will make it satisfactory. Now to find Father Rios. I sincerely hope he's not drunk as a beast."

"If he should be drunk, what will you do with him?"

"Well have to put him away somewhere until he is sober."

"I suppose you are right."

Captain Clogson knew that he dared not go near the American ship if he did. He had been suspected of complicity with Aguinaldo and other Filipino leaders who had fled against the United States, and he was guilty. He was the leader of the Negritos and his hands had been stained with much worse than blood. He would naturally conclude at nothing that would further his own unholy ambitions.

He was undisturbed on being the heir of his wealthy half-brother. Ellen was the child of a girl who died and he decided to remove her. He had never been able to muster up sufficient courage to kill her himself, but the plan which he had laid with Captain Litton was perfect. All he was to wed her and take her to some of the islands of Oceanica which no white woman and there abandon her, making sure she could not escape. Then the uncle could return to Manila and disappeared, and he knew not where she was, and believed her dead. He could then return to Europe and live and divide with his confederate.

When Captain Litton found he was too drunk to aid them, he they placed a guard over him and went ashore in search of a priest.

Meanwhile the day wore on, and Ellen, feeling the need of rest, threw herself upon a couch and in desperate plan. She considered her thoughts and motive from her future standpoint.

Night came, and the uncle and Aiken not returning, made it appear that they had failed to secure a clergyman. It was one of the sudden darknesses of the tropics. The guard at the door sat dozing with his gun between his knees.

Then Ellen's maiden had thrown herself upon a couch and was soon asleep. The door across the cabin stood open.

Slightly as a shadow she arose from the couch where she had pretended to sleep, and crept slowly from the room. The motions of a creeping cat, she glided to the sleeping guard.

She held her breath and waited for a moment for her hand to steal beneath the belt of the guard.

Slowly and without awaking the sleeper she drew forth a revolver. On the other hand she took away one of the pistols.

With these she crept back to the far side of the bungalow and began cutting away at the wicker work which formed the walls.

In a very few moments she had made an opening large enough for her form to escape, and she crawled out.

"Thank God!" she whispered that prison," she said. "Oh, God, I would fall upon my knees in the sand if I dared risk the noise. The bloodhounds will soon be on me. I must away."

It would be idle to say Ellen had no plan. A girl with her remarkable powers of resource would not start on everything. Some scheme, however desperate. She had learned that the American men-of-war and transports were in the harbor and knew there would be a place of safety for her on board one of them.

Her plan was to make a detour about the city and reach some headland or point on the bay, where she could signal to the ships and thus rescue herself.

She wandered from the suburbs into a dense forest, where for many hours she kept groping in such utter darkness that she dared move only a few inches at a time.

There were many pitfalls in the forest, and she came near tumbling into them at her three times. With a long stick she felt her way along. At last the way grew smooth. She pressed on and on. Hour after drazzed by on leaden wings, and she saw in a sudden faint streak of light, the sun in all its tropical splendor suddenly burst on the scene, dispersing the gloom, and it was morning.

She went slowly and carefully over a hill to a high promontory that overlooked the surrounding country. From a great precipitating crag she looked out over the landscape spread out below her. There lay Iloilo, so near that she was almost disheartened. She seemed not to have advanced three miles during the whole night. She sat on the crag alone to rest while she gazed on the valley below, and the bay, city and ships in the distance.

The great men-of-war, looking like mere specks in the distance, were discernible.

"Oh, if I was aboard one of them how happy I would be," she declared.

She arose and went down the mountain on the opposite side from Iloilo, and entered a great forest. Here she gathered some wild bread-fruit, some wild oranges and berries and ate them for her breakfast.

On she continued to wander, burying herself deeper in the forest and trying to make her way toward the coast. Suddenly she paused and her eyes grew pale. She heard a noise before her. It was a strange, mysterious guttural chant coming to proceed from the throats of demons.

Filled with a strange and unaccountable curiosity to know the cause, she crept slowly forward through the bushes, weeds and tall grass that was almost like impenetrable jungle, and peeped out into a little glade.

There a sight met her eyes that was calculated to freeze the blood in her veins.

Two score of whom was white, were stripped of all their clothing save breech clouts and armed only as a board standing upright in a circle of the most hideous looking beings she had ever beheld.

They were black dwarfs, fully twenty in number, low, squat individuals with woolly heads, long arms, some of them with bows and some with spears, held at the waist with belts.

Their gestures were so ferocious that she could not help shuddering. Such wild gyrations, contortions, grimaces and yells of she had never seen displayed by any set of monsters.

Suddenly one of the prisoners turned his agonized eyes upon her. She started back to hide, but knew there in that look that seemed to thrill her? The white man seemed to see her, and in an innocent, pratting child, she wandered hand in hand through the forest with the girl she loved?

A second glance and she was convinced. Then she saw a little black monster in a stooping position near the bound captive. Suddenly the little fiend sprang back, he actually, he danced, while his child, his little black rascals could be seen dying like so many foxes in every direction.

"What is the matter, my dear friend Will.

"Pilipinos come."

Then appeared a dozen Filipinos with two white men at their head appeared over the ridge.

"Ho, who have we down there?" cried one stentorian voice which Ellen recognized as that of Captain Litton.

"Hoot my eyes, captain, it is ain't a woman, but a girl. Ho, ho, there are looking for! In company with that young rascal Will, as we found out, have we?" he called.

"Ha, ha, we have them!" cried Liken.

With a score of Filipinos at his heels, a part of the crew of the Wild and Capota arrived on the day of their landing. Captain Clogson started down the hillside toward the beach.

"Hold!" cried Will.

"What! Does he intend to fight us after our coming to your rescue?"

"We are going to leave the island as soon

FREE TO MEN.

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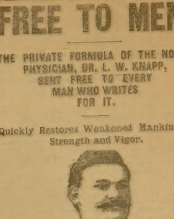


L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found which will quickly restore any form of nervous debility, lost manhood, lack of vigor, vicious drains, impotency, and uncertainty, which such men are peculiarly liable to, and which, if neglected, often leads to organic weakness or the more dreaded forms of incurable disease. As it costs nothing to get the information how to cure yourself at home, every man, suffering from any form of nervous debility, ought to be deeply interested in such a remedy, without which there is little hope for a large number of them. The remedy in question was the result of many years' study and experiment, and a combination of medicines would be most effective, and how to obtain it. The author, Dr. L. W. Knapp, of 1041 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill., will send your name and address, free of charge, to any man who writes him, stating that you are not afflicted with quacks, but wish to make use of the prescription by giving the remedy a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The Dr.'s object of distributing this reformatory free is to make men believe by experience with the remedies that exact an application of principles, and not by mere opinion. Each different man is peculiarly organized and should be treated accordingly. What he should use in his particular case he is anxious to find the exact remedy. Write today. There is no doubt about the offer being genuine.

no we can get aboard an American or English ship."

"We have an American ship that is just about ready to sail. Will you accept a passage with her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Captain Clogson, we know you and know you to be a scoundrel. Don't come too close."

"Very well in you, who have stolen my niece and are abducting her to say 'not come near.' Give up my niece you rascal!"

"She left you of her own choice."

"Then you will not give her up?" You are the scoundrel who has been persuading her to leave my home."

"I am not willing to let you have her under your control so long as she objects to you. I warn you, and that third who claims to be a sea-captain with you, to keep away."

Will had locked the short Nigritic musket with bails almost to the muzzle. The weapon is not very accurate, nor has it a long range, but Will's mind was made up. He determined to kill Liken, come what might. He would shoot him even though his own life paid the forfeit the next moment. When once that rascal was dead he reasoned that she would have one persecutor less. The pursuers continued to advance, gradually extending their flanks. Liken had ordered the men not to fire, as he was afraid the beautiful Ellen would be hurt. While Captain Clogson really did not care.

"You are coming too close," declared Will, cocking his short gun and bidding his guide do the same.

"Don't ye do it," shouted Clogson. "Attempt such a thing and we'll riddle ye with bullets."

Copota, who had raised his gun, lowered it. When they were so close that danger of missing his mark had passed away, Will raised his gun and fired.

He staggered under the recoil and came near falling. The bullets went straight, and Captain Liken fell, but the Filipinos rushed down upon Will and with loud yells he was knocked down, and though Ellen clung to him fondly, they were torn apart.

CHAPTER IX.

LED TO EXECUTION.

"Oh, uncle, you have killed him!" cried Ellen, struggling to get back to her insensible lover.

"He is not dead, and even if he was, what difference does it make?" cried Clogson. "It will save him from execution, that is all."

"He has committed no crime."

"Has he not killed Captain Liken before my eyes? I saw him commit murder, and he will hang for it, if he is not already dead."

Will Dobson was insensible when taken up by four Filipinos and carried down to the sea shore, where he was concealed in a cavern. When he regained consciousness he found himself in some dark place, where he could only see a dim outline of people moving about in the darkness. They were talking, but what they said was in a language unknown to him. Will did not even understand the Spanish, much less the jargon of these savages. He lay there a long time, and then some men came and took him out. When he reached the open air he found it night. His arms were tied fast behind his back and the pain was so strong that even had he been free he could not have escaped.

By aid of the starlight he could see that they were a ruffianous set of monsters who guarded him.

He was conducted to the sea coast and compelled to get into a boat which was moored there, and was rowed away across a small inlet around a point of land to a larger bay, where he saw a ship in the distance.

It was the Blackcloud, the same that had come from San Francisco and carried Aguinaldo to Iloilo.

He was taken on board and confined in a small cabin with a guard at the door, while the schooner was weighed and the steamer glided out to sea.

Will knew very well what was transpiring above. He sat alone, his head aching from the hard blow he had received, and his mind busy in speculation.

"How will all this end," he thought, as he lay on the hard bunk provided to which he had been chained.

He could not but one way, and that in his death. How he lived through that terrible night he never knew, but he got through it some way, and when the solemn dawn he was about as miserable a man as one can imagine. He heard the churning of the propeller screw, and knowing something of the remarkable speed of the Blackcloud, knew they were flying through the water. Shortly after daylight a man came in his prison. Though he did not look up he instinctively knew it was Captain Clogson.

"Well, my fine fellow, how have ye passed the night?" Clogson asked.

Will vouchsafed no answer to this.

"Have you lost your speech?"

"No."

"Then why not answer me?"

"It is not necessary."

"Then you want information an any subject?"

"Yes, there are several."

"What?"

"I would like to know where Ellen is."

"Aboard ship."

He groaned.

"Oh, she is well."

"Better far would it be if she were in the sea."

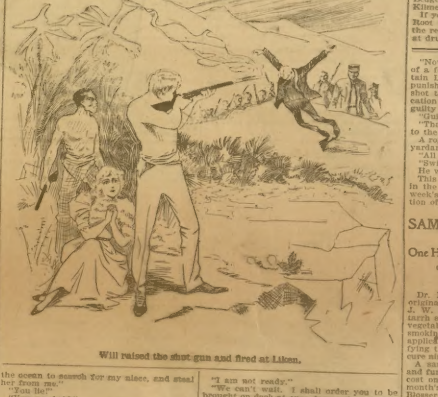
"Why?"

"She would be free from your infernal presence. But no doubt you wish her at the bottom of the sea yourself."

"Why, Mr. Dobson, how can you do me such a great wrong?"

"It would have a handsome fortune to yourself."

"It was to gain that fortune you crossed



Will raised the shot gun and fired at Liken.

the ocean to search for my niece, and steal her from me."

"You lie!"

"You are bold."

"Prisoner and bound though I am I can defy you. You may torture this body, you may kill me, but you will never break the spirit."

"Indeed, we shall see!"

"You will no doubt put me to death. Fate has placed you in my hands. You have power to take my life before, and you no doubt will succeed in doing so this time, as you have me full in your power."

"I tried to take your life? When?" asked the scoundrel, in well-feigned astonishment.

"When you left two blackguards at Honolulu to assassinate me. But for Hobson they would have succeeded. Captain Clogson, this is your triumph, but your triumph will be short. You will be hung for a pirate on the high seas. You are already suspected of treason to your government."

"Indeed! Who informed you?"

"I will not tell."

"Very well. It makes no difference so far as you are concerned. You are guilty of murder."

"It is false!"

"You shot and killed Captain Phil Liken."

"A greater scoundrel never lived."

"It is wrong to thus malign the dead."

"I shot him in self-defense."

"A score will swear it was a cowardly, treacherous shot."

"They swear falsely."

"Now, it is my wish to have this little matter over as speedily as possible."

"What affair?"

"Your trial."

"You can't try me on ship-board."

"Oh, yes, we have a law of our own."

"Pirates and robbers have a law?"

"Well, we are anxious to get to business and we want this over as soon as possible. Are you ready?"

"Am I to be submitted to a farce trial?"

"No, a fair trial. After you may have to say will be listened to with the greatest interest."

"I have nothing to say."

"Are you ready?"

"Why this haste?"

"Why this delay?"

"I am not ready."

"We can't wait. I shall order you to be brought on deck at once, have a jury called and let the case proceed."

The prisoner bowed his head and made no answer. The pirate chief left him and a few moments later a pair of ruffianly-looking sailors came into the cabin and took him to the deck, where the entire crew of the Blackcloud was assembled.

A more motley crew would be hard to conceive. There were some of Neptune, some of Mars, Lascars, Gascons, Portsemouth jars, there were Chinamen, Negroes, Malays, Filipinos and Japs. The crew was large and all armed with dangerous-looking knives, cutlasses and pistols.

"Are you ready for trial?" asked the captain.

"Yes," he answered.

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"Now, men, we will have the testimony of a few who witnessed the death of Captain Liken, and then you shall decide the punishment." Three Filipinos stated he had shot the captain dead without any provocation whatever. "Now what say ye, is he guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" was the cry.

That settles it. Come, Boo'n, rig the lift to the yardarm."

A rope had already been made fast to the yardarm and a noose was at the lower end.

"All ready."

"Swing him up!"

He was hurried aft to execution.

This thrilling story of love and adventure in the Philippines will be finished in next week's Ledger. See new special subscription offer on page twelve.

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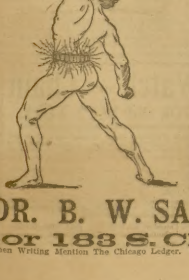
A Bullet Proof Heart.

The Baltimore Sun says that the late William B. Smallbridge of Glenville, West Virginia, a veteran of the civil war, carried a bullet in his heart for thirty-seven years. His death was not due to the presence of the bullet, and for 37 years he felt almost no inconvenience from it. Before his death he asked the physicians, in the interests of science, to make an autopsy in order to find the bullet. The physician did so and found it imbedded in the heart.

A Dublin lady has patented an invention to prevent children falling out of bed.

MEN MADE STRONG--NO DRUGS



A child may inherit a parent's strength, it may inherit his weakness. There is food for sober thought expressed in that sentence. Strength is a natural condition, weakness the reverse. For thirty years I have been showing men the road to strength. I have demonstrated a natural remedy to be the true remedy. I have made a specialty of nervous and organic weaknesses in men as a result of youthful errors or later excesses, such as Drains, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele, &c. I could refer to thousands of good service as some doctors in fevers, or pneumonia, or smallpox. I am no authority on obstetrics or tuberculosis. Of course I studied those subjects, but this is a day of specialties, and I know the nervous and glandular system of men. That's my strong card. I treat weak men, and weak men only. In the beginning, let me tell you, no drugs. When I take your money I want to give you value in return. I couldn't do that and give you drugs for weakness. They stimulate. They give "quick results," but you fall back into a worse condition. You are weak, you have robbed Nature by abusing her laws, but she is magnanimous, she is forgiving. I will ask her to give that strength back to you. I am the inventor of an appliance which puts in your hands a means of using Nature's great restorer, Electricity. It is the famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with attachment for men. Mind what I say. No one years from date this Belt will be the world's remedy for such. This is no boast. I received 5,000 testimonials last year. All absolute cures after all else had failed. The principle is the most common sense. It appeals to better judgment. It is the long continued flow of the pure galvanic current which does the work. Ordinary batteries are worthless. They do not generate the volume, and cannot be applied long enough. That's why I invented my Electric Belt. It was to fill a want. You put it on when you go to bed, take it off next morning. That's what does the work. Seven hours of Nature's strengthener each night for thirty days, with a little sound advice to suit your case. That is all. That will help you back to strength.

FREE BOOK. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge, or if at a distance write for "Three Classes of Men," which explains all. Sent in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

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Old Lady—I'm sorry, but I swallowed the nickel.
Conductor—Then you'll have to cough up.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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And, light as air, with glinting hair,
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To seek love's prize, in tempting guise,
The bloomer girl—goes limb-ering. M. K.

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"How do you know that the young couple opposite are married?" asked the man with large business interests of his wife, as they sat in the cafe after the theater. "You can't tell anything about it."
"O, I can!" She wanted lobster, and he ordered a couple of ham sandwiches. They're married all right enough."

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His Experience.

Digrs—Do you believe that it is possible to heal merely by the touch?
Bigrs—Sure. A physician recently "healed" himself by touching me for $50.

Unreasonable.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," said the man who was evidently in a hurry, "but your contention doesn't seem reasonable. You say there is no telling the trouble we are going to have with the Philippines."
"Yes, sir," answered the excitable friend.
"Then, what the use of taking up time trying?"

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The Ailment.

"What appears to be the matter with your father?" inquired the doctor, as he hastily put his clothes on.
"He's got the plumbago," replied the boy.
"I think that's what maw says it is."
"Pain in the small of the back, I presume?" said the doctor.
"No, sir; he hain't got no small of the back. My paw weighs 284 pounds."

Theory.

Citizen—I am John Smith, author of the well-known economical treatise entitled "What Is Money?"
Police Sergeant—Well, Mr. Smith, what can we do for you?
Citizen—I have just been victimized by a green goods man.

She Comprehended.

"The Filipinos are rising," he read aloud from the newspaper.
"Yes, Charley, dear," young Mrs. Torkins answered, "I can understand that perfectly. As soon as they heard General Lawton was coming they all probably climbed palm trees."

Two Ways.

"Bilson is worried about getting into society."
"How so?"
"He doesn't know whether to get a dress suit or to have appendicitis."

It begins in this issue, "The Marvelous Woman," an intensely interesting story of the Scarlet Masks.

Stupid Brute.

She—That horrid cook of the Browns has got a hat just like mine.
He—I see no occasion for that to worry you.

Miss Townley—Tommy, suppose that chicken were to lay an egg, what would you do with it?
Tommy—I'd sell it to a museum. That chicken's a rooster.

Congenial.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did yer hear 'bout Alaska?"
"Lots. Are you t'inkin' of de trip?"

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"They say that music stimulates the growth of the hair."
"That's queer; whenever I sing, Harry gets a whole lot of his hair out."

Nothing Else.

The Merchant—You should earn your bread by the sweat of your brow.
The Mendicant—Don't I? I'm in a sweat all de time fer fear dem cops will arrest me.

Do not miss "The Marvelous Woman."

A Sure Sign.

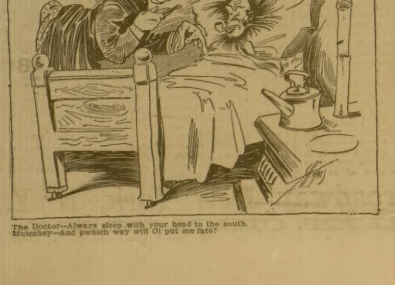
Anna—Do you think she intends marrying him?
Nanette—Indeed, I do! She refuses to accept expensive attentions from him.

Adam's Zad.

The bear that wates like a man, no doubt, is a frightful foe to be hunted out.
But a worse foe yet—of his clutch beware!—Is the awful man who acts like a bear.

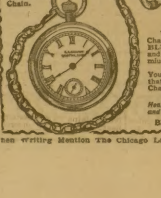
There is no danger of you being mistaken for one another. Your hair is not the same shade.

"I dunno. I'm told dat daylight lasts twenty-four hours at a stretch. If I could git a job in dat locality as night watchman I dunno but I'd be willin' to work."



HE WANTED TO KNOW.

The Doctor—Always sleep with your head to the south.
Mutchney—And pwhich way will ol' put me fate?



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AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. 8.

In days gone by a spelling school at Possum Run was as important in local circles as a season of grand opera in Chicago. A spelling match in the old schoolhouse was a social affair with educational features, the double attraction of which were sufficient to gather into the stuffy little schoolhouse nearly every resident in the district.

The room would be jammed and packed, but it was what everybody expected, and no one protested save the "children in arms," a few of whom were always present in care of their interested parents, and who could be depended upon to raise a howl at the most interesting moment. When the room became too hot for endurance the teacher would lower the windows at the top and then the kerosene lamps would smoke and blacken their chimneys so as to threaten a total eclipse.

But such things as a smoking lamp or squalling babe could not detract from the genuine enjoyment the average Possum Runite experienced at a spelling. The married women gossiped among themselves in hoarse whispers, the older men looked on knowingly, while the young folks flirted and exchanged notes during the progress of the exercises.

Possum Run claimed to have the best spellers in the neighborhood; Coon Hollow, an adjoining district, denied the claim and boasted that the honor was theirs. One day Sam Peters and Zeke Graham were out hunting rabbits, and while sitting on a rail fence back of 'Squire Higgins' orchard Hi proposed that the district schools should have a match. Zeke thought it a good idea, and the two hunters at once began to lay plans for the coming event. They decided that Possum Run should challenge Coon Hollow to a match, and that Hi Wilkins should be the champion speller of the district. Hi was selected because he was the best speller in the district, and also because he was the only boy in the district who owned a pair of boots.

The captains marshaled their forces on either side of the room and the contestants stood along the walls in a single line. The pick and choosing of the two districts. Sam and Hi conferred together a few minutes, after which they announced that the teacher of Plum Run district had been selected as referee, while the teachers at Possum Run and Coon Hollow would take turns pronouncing words.

Then, while the auditors held their breath, the captains retired to the head of their respective lines and the Possum Run teacher gravely handed the spelling book to the teacher from Coon Hollow. He was a grave young man, resplendent in a brand new suit of "store" clothes, stone bosomed shirt, and black bow tie and a standing paper collar. With a dignity befitting the occasion he stepped to the middle of the room, cleared his throat with a gentle "ahem," and then glancing up from the book, pronounced the first word. It was an easy one and Sam soon disposed of it. Back and forth the words were pronounced and spoiled; it soon became monotonous, and skipping a few pages the pronouncer began on a list of harder words. He soon created havoc in the lines, and feeling that he had done his share he passed the book to the Possum Run teacher.

The lamps smoked, people whispered, babies cried and the tall people fidgeted, but the contest went on uninterrupted. Slowly the poorer spellers were caught on some "hard one" and sent to their seats, while those who were left crowded closer together as if to concentrate their forces. But a half dozen now remained on either side and every word the best from their respective districts, each one of whom could point with pride to a record of spelling every word in the book correctly.

The Coon Hollow teacher was pronouncing again and after an hour's futile attempt to "spell down" some of the contestants he passed several catch words on which he had secretly drilled the Coon Hollow delegation. Sam Peters promptly missed the first one as not being in the spelling book, but the referee opened the dictionary and found the word to 'Squire Higgins. The 'squire gravely nodded his head and the word had to be spelled. Coon Hollow's champion spelled it correctly, and then Sam Peters was left—Cinthy Ann Higgins, the pride and hope of Possum Run was the champion of the district schools. With a smile and a bow Hollow experts. With a smile and a bow the Coon Hollow teacher passed the book to the Possum Run teacher.

That individual had no fear of Cinthy Ann, and he immediately proceeded to hurl out words that fairly made the auditors tremble, they were so long and entirely of awful high meaning. If a Coon Hollow speller slipped on one word Cinthy Ann nabbed it before he could catch his breath, and then she would rattle off the next word as easy as if she were saying the a b c's. In a few moments the contest narrowed down to Cinthy Ann Possum Run and Maria Jane Hooper for Coon Hollow.

Everybody knew that Cinthy Ann was Sam Peter's best girl and it was as well known that Hi Wilkins and Maria Jane were sweethearts. The great Possum Run-Coon Hollow spelling match was now not only a contest in spelling, but was an intellectual struggle between two girls who were spurred on by love for their respective captains. The excitement was at fever heat. Possum Run cheered its champion at every word, while Coon Hollow awakened the echoes with a hair-raising yell as Maria successfully spelled each word pronounced to her.

It was plain that some trick must be resorted to in order to confuse them. With proper time for reflection each one would have stood there and spelled words correctly until eternity, but a determination to end the contest by spelling down had been beginning to tell on them and the teacher improved the opportunity. Sam Peters was standing by Cinthy Ann and though his arm was around her waist to support her trembling body no one noticed the position, as intent were they on the outcome of the contest. Maria Jane stood propped against the opposite wall and on both of her hands she gripped one of Hi's great brawny fists.

The Possum Run teacher was still pronouncing, and with a determination to end the affair as speedily as possible he closed the book and began with a list of words containing those troublesome "ei's" and "ie's." They came as fast as ball upon a rush: "receive," "conceive," "retrieve," "deceive," were among those that went by without a hitch, and then poor Maria Jane tripped on "believe," and before she could recover herself Cinthy Ann was spelling. With a gasp Maria Jane re-pelled the word, but the decision had also been rendered.

That started the trouble between Possum Run and Coon Hollow. Everyone from Coon Hollow said Maria Jane caught the word before Cinthy Ann did; every Possum Runite denied this and the referee sustained them. Coon Hollow was disposed to accept the decision for a moment when someone yelled out the information that the referee was a second cousin to a resident of Possum Run district. That settled it. Coon Hollow refused to accept the decision and refused to pay their bets.

That made the Possum Runites mad, and they decided to ostracize Coon Hollow; of course Coon Hollow retaliated by refusing to recognize Possum Run residents; the feud is still operative, although the match spelling occurred fifteen years ago. How-

The contest narrowed down to Cynthy Ann Higgins for Possum Run and Maria Jones Hooper for Coon Hollow.

ever, it is but right to say that the feud did not interfere with the marriage of Cinthy Ann and Sam, at which all Possum Run made merry, while a short time afterward Coon Hollow celebrated the union of Hi and Marie Jane.

Wilkins and Lew Williams came along.

The crowd followed talked of local affairs a while, when Sam asked Hi if he had not been boasting that Coon Hollow could spell Possum Run. He not only acknowledged the charge but offered to bet the last dollars to back up his boast. That was the start of the affair, and soon a match spelling was arranged to take place at Possum Run schoolhouse between this district and Coon Hollow. Sam Peters was captain of the Possum Run contestants and Hi Wilkins looked after the interests of Coon Hollow. No one was barred; the captains were allowed to choose anyone who was a resident of their district.

As the time drew near the interest grew intense and many bets were recorded. Interest and many bets were recorded. Money was not plenty in this community, but that did not deter the partisans from indicating in a practical manner that they had great faith in their own district. Horses, cows, dogs, sheep, hogs, hay and grain were freely wagered by the enthusiastic farmers, while there were several instances in which a churning of butter on the dozen eggs of a hen had been further at end result. If the day had been increasing it is just the interest had been increasing it is just possible that all of Possum Run and Coon Hollow would have been in the hands of a stakeholder awaiting the referee's decision as to who was the owner.

The eventful night came at last and with it the crowd. Not only were all of Possum Run and Coon Hollow there, but a great many from surrounding districts came to witness the struggle for the championship. The little schoolroom was filled in a very short time; then the windows were taken out and stowed away under the schoolhouse, and eleven young fellows improvised while enterprising young fellows improvised benches with rails from a neighboring fence, and thus many were made comfortable and thus many were they could see able at each window where they could see and hear as well as those inside. It was just cold enough to give the young couples a good excuse to "snuggle up," and as the

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Back numbers of the LEDGER can be had by addressing this office. Orders must give the date desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents each.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The LEDGER has no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. Any one who represents himself as connected with this paper should be reported at this office at once. Strangers who have been appointed agents to sell this paper cannot be trusted. Money should not be paid for advertising that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Do not miss "The Marvelous Woman."

Emma Howard Wight's great novel, "A Marvelous Woman," begins in this issue.

The loafers have commenced to talk about what they will do when spring sets in.

It begins in this issue, "The Marvelous Woman," an intensely interesting story of the Scarlet Masks.

It looks as though the French were scheming to prolong the Dreyfus agitation so as to make it one of the attractions of the exposition.

Senator Proctor, who has taken his family to Cuba, says he believes the climate of that country is perfectly healthy, provided one lives regularly and quietly.

The queen of Sweden possesses an immense fortune, which she owes to the gambling talents of Wiesbaden. Her majesty did not win the money by gambling at the tables; her brothers were the proprietors, and she inherited the wealth accumulated by them.

If that ferocious imperialist, Rudyard Kipling, is going to take up his home in the heart of New England he will find the emotions which the good anti-expansionists of Massachusetts are about to suffer call for the deepest sympathy.

It ought to be mentioned as a sign of the warlike spirit which possesses all people after a victorious contest at arms that the Century Magazine comes out this month with a thrilling story of Alexander's conquest of Asia Minor.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, the writer, is a granddaughter of the Lord Fairfax whose family were the originals of Thackery's "Virginians." Her husband is a New York lawyer, who, during the civil war, was secretary to Jefferson Davis.

Following the example of her mother, Queen Victoria, Princess Beatrice has discarded the use of the corset, but so well and becomingly does she dress that very few people would guess that she has no recourse to that article of feminine attire.

The course of the Pennsylvania Senate in passing a bill affecting the case in which Mr. Quay is under charges shows that a politician with many friends has vast resources. If the courts threaten him with the law he has only to get the law changed.

A TELL-TALE SCAR.

Oath-Bound to a Woman---A Mysterious Visit ---The Strange Trial of a Lover's Faith.

By COLONEL FRENTISS INGRAHAM.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAIR FERRET.

As long as Donald Gray lay in his cell, awaiting the day of his doom to roll around those who had known the handsome artist with his courtly ways and dignified manner, felt that a pall was hanging over them.

As idol had been shattered, a star had fallen, and the man who looked to be above his fellows had proven only the commonest clay to be tempted by love and by gold to kill and to rob.

If there were any who believed him innocent they had not the courage to say so, and he was left to his cruel destiny, save for the kindly calls of his lawyer, Frank Bateman, who was loyal to say when questioned:

"The man had set himself a standard to reach, and when it was within his grasp he was tempted and fell---now I verily believe that he is anxious to die."

The eyes of the community still were upon Celeste Duvall.

She was more an object of interest than ever before.

She had stood the ordeal of the trial wonderfully well, for she was said to have been secretly engaged to the prisoner.

After the trial she went on in the even tenor of her way, receiving her visitors as before, and went out as usual.

Marcus Blood, however, had become a more frequent visitor at her home than before, and she always gave him welcome.

The banker had seemed to deeply feel the fall of his protege, and he would not talk to him on the subject of it.

The bank had been robbed really of nothing, as the money taken was twelve thousand package of money found in Donald Gray's room.

Then there were some papers missing, but which all said were of no value save Marcus Blood, and he would greatly have prized their loss, though just why he did not let it be known.

One evening, some days after the trial, a woman, heavily veiled, entered the little home of Mrs. Michael Harney, the dead watchman's wife.

She was seated in the little parlor she drew aside her veil and the beautiful face of Celeste Duvall was seen.

"Mrs. Harney, I called to have a talk with you, and to know if there is anything I could do for you."

"Bless your sweet soul, Miss Celeste, you know the bank gave me half of Michael's wages and paid the balance on my little home. No, I owe nothing and have did it, Miss."

"It was but just when your husband lost his life defending the bank; but I am anxious to know all I can about that and affair and so thought you might help me some. Here, put this away, for it may come in handy some day," and Celeste handed the woman a roll of bills.

"What I wish to know is everything about those that worked in the bank, for you do the cleaning up there every morning, and know."

"I knows 'em all, Miss Celeste."

"Could your husband, or his intimate friends in town, who might have professed friendship for him, get into the bank?"

"Poor Miss Celeste, I see that you want to still believe that young man innocent, and that nothing can be proved to the contrary. Miss, Mike had no particular friends here, for he had a habit in bad company in New York, where we used to live, as it made a drunkard of him, and spoiled the things of truths.

"When we came here he gave up all his bad ways and a better man woman would not want for a husband.

"And none of Mike's old friends found him out here."

"Not one, Miss---save his brother."

"Where is he?"

"He were only the day before Mike was kill, I think it was, and I was glad to see him go, for Dennis Harney is no good, and he always had my boy Mike under his thumb like."

"I am glad he is gone then for your sake. Was he here long?"

"Nine months, and I didn't want him but Mike said as how he couldn't go back on his own flesh and blood so we let him stay."

"And where has he gone?"

"To Philadelphia, Miss, where he works, when he do be doing anything, for he is a painter there in a big hardware store, Blankhead & Co., is the name; but my opinion is he was discharged from there."

"When you do not care for him, as you think he had a bad influence over your husband---"

"That is just it, Miss, for he got Mike into trouble years ago, and then, too, Dennis Harney had served his term."

"What do you mean?"

"He served his time in prison for two years, as he was mixed up in a mighty bad scrape where another man got weary."

"What did the other man get, Mrs. Harney?"

"Hung," was the laconic and expressive answer."

Celeste Duvall seemed to grow more and more interested in Mrs. Harney's affairs and remained for quite a long visit.

When she left she drew her thick veil over her face again and asked Mrs. Harney to say nothing of her visit to her.

That evening she told her father that she intended to take a shopping run to New York, and early next day to Philadelphia to visit an old school friend.

This she did and soon after her arrival in Philadelphia she visited a detective agency and engaged the services of a thoroughly reliable man to whom she gave these instructions.

"Go to the store of Bankhead & Co., hardware merchants, and find out anything that is known of Dennis Harney, a porter, once in their employ, and who may be there now."

The next day the detective called with the information that at different times Dennis Harney had been employed by Bankhead & Co., but had been discharged some time since, as he was suspected of robbing them.

At the place where he had made his home it was said he had gone up in New York state to visit a brother and he appeared to be well supplied with money.

Since that time he had not been heard from, but the detective had secured a photograph he had recently had taken and given to his landlady.

"I want you and I wish you to keep on the lookout for this man and report to me if he comes to this city, and at this address."

Back to New York then went Celeste Duvall and again she went to a detective agency.

To find the two best men to work up this case. Here are full particulars of the city and the address of the man whose picture is a photograph of the man.

"He has in my opinion which you are to go to begin your search, a sister-in-law, Mrs. Michael Harney, whose husband was once killed.

"Track the man and when you did him, see that you write me of your move to this address and see me, the other being careful to keep him in sight."

Then Celeste Duvall returned to her home.

Just two weeks later she received a letter and a visitor the same day.

The letter was from the Philadelphia detective.

The visitor was one of the New York detectives.

The letter gave her some interesting information, and the visitor had important news for her.

CHAPTER VII.

PLAYING A BOLD GAME.

The letter from the Philadelphia detective stated that he had given the information that in a Pennsylvania town near the New York state line, one Dennis Harney had been arrested for trying to attempt to break into a bank and was then in the county jail, to which the place was given.

The New York detective told her he and his fellow ferret had gotten upon the track of Dennis Harney and had traced him to a small town not far before he got there, it was thought, fatally shot in an attempt to rob the bank there.

With a liberal fee Celeste Duvall dismissed the detectives, and, greatly to the surprise of her father, started off on a visit of a couple of days.

She went to the town where Dennis Harney lay wounded and in jail.

Her position as a leading banker, added to a little golden persuasion, gained her entrance to the wounded man, who, with chances of recovery, she was told, were very slim.

"Harney, do you know me?"

"Yes, Miss, you are Banker Duvall's daughter."

"Yes, and I have come here to see you."

"They told me there was a letter for a man got my name off a letter, though I wouldn't tell them."

"I alone of those in our town know of your crime and the result, and I have come to you to make you an offer---a bribe to me."

"No, no, Miss; I tell nothing but to one man, and he a priest, and only if I die of it can't come and the father won't know until I am sure I am going to die---then I'll tell my soul."

"The one man you refer to, Harney, is the one now condemned to die on the gallows for a crime you know all about."

"Can you look me in the eye and heart, Miss?" and a frightened look came over the man's face.

"You must keep calm and listen to me, for all I can do for you I will, and later, if you know that you cannot get well, you must not die without telling all you know."

"If I am sure I am going to die, Miss, I do wish to tell and after I am gone the priest will do what he can to make things right, if not too late; but I won't say what will---well, hang me, Miss, until I know I can't cheat death."

"The man you would confess to, if he could come to you, is Mr. Donald Gray?"

"Yes, Miss, for I owe my life to him, as one night at sea, when he was a young ensign and I was a foremast hand in the navy, I fell overboard and the sea was running mighty rough; but he jumped overboard after me and saved my life, though in the darkness and storm we both came near being lost.

"I didn't repay him for that act, Miss, in risking his life for me, but if I could see him I'd tell him---no, no, if I did this I would also hang."

A few moments more Celeste remained with the wounded burglar and then bade him good-by, leaving some money to make him comfortable.

Then she sought the priest and had a talk with him and notes made as well as the pill physician and heard just what he had to say on the prisoner's condition.

"There is no hope for him; he may live a week, perhaps ten days."

"How long before he loses consciousness?" she asked.

"I expect it almost any day."

"Then I have no time to lose," and Celeste caught the first train for Chicago, where she made a few purchases and returned home.

"Maggie," she said to her maid, "you must bring your mother to see me tonight, but no one must know of her coming."

"I will arrange it, Miss Celeste," was the answer, and Maggie's plan was faithfully carried out.

For along time did Celeste have to argue with the jailer's wife to carry her point, but at last she was successful, and when she made a few purchases and returned home.

"Maggie," she said to her maid, "you must bring your mother to see me tonight, but no one must know of her coming."

"I will arrange it, Miss Celeste," was the answer, and Maggie's plan was faithfully carried out.

For along time did Celeste have to argue with the jailer's wife to carry her point, but at last she was successful, and when she made a few purchases and returned home.

"Remember, you are not only saving a life by your act, Mrs. Bryce, but you are liable by pocketing two thousand dollars, and should anything go wrong with your husband and yourself will know; the time will only be from midnight tonight until midnight to-morrow night, and you will have no security."

"Just let me hear again the plan, Miss---you will give me two thousand dollars?"

"Say twenty-five hundred, and tonight."

"Thank you, Miss."

"And you are to come to the jail, disguised as a man. I am to let you in, and you are to take his cell, while he is to come out, also disguised so no one will know him. And then at midnight rise and let the place you say the dying man is?"

"Yes, and I am to stay in his cell until he comes back."

"Will he come back?"

"I will swear to it, Miss, as I know I can do so."

"I believe so, too, Miss; but he is to come back and I am to come to them then?"

"Yes; now you are certain about your husband dying and will do it?"

"Leave him to me, Miss, for I wear the breeches in the Bryce family circle," was the response, and Celeste felt sure that convinced Celeste that she spoke the truth.

"Now, Maggie, my boy, Maggie, I likes that young man, and he is a perfect gentleman, and I mean to see that he is willing to hang, so will he go and leave you to take his place?"

"I'll have my him to me, Mrs. Bryce," and Celeste smiled as she quoted a part of the burglar's speech.

"I will give you the money now, Mrs. Bryce, to keep for your husband, so there will be no mistake."

"I'll shoot it to him, Miss, but there will be no mistake now for I shall see him any day," and Mrs. Bryce's departure, and Celeste did not once speak until Maggie, to Attorney Frank Bateman, asking him to come at once on business.

He obeyed the summons and the two talked for some time, the lawyer looking very grave, but at last he said:

"I will go, as you request me to do, and do all in my power for the success of your undertaking."

"I believe you would," was the earnest reply, and then Celeste Duvall, aided by Maggie, began preparations to carry out her bold plan, and which she had so ably planned.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN AT BAY.

"Father, I wish to have a long talk with you this night," said Celeste Duvall to her father after dinner one evening, just a week before the day appointed for Donald's hostage in the city jail for the safe return to imprisonment of Donald Gray.

"I am sorry, too, child, to have your company, my daughter, for you have been occupied and much away of late."

"I will leave word that neither of us are at home to any visitors and then get some papers I wish to show you."

The banker lighted his cigar and seated himself in his easy chair and Celeste soon joined him, taking a chair near the table.

She noticed with much self-possession of manner than was her wont: "you have been much afflicted of late about the loss of some personal papers, which were stored from the bank at the time of the robbery and murder."

"I haven't, dear, how do you know this, Celeste?"

"I will tell you later, as well as how I knew that your personal affairs were rudely pried into, and you will remember my having been led into heavy investments in a few months before the bank failed, that you mortgaged your large real estate holdings to meet the demand."

"I did not know this, too! But it is all right now, my child; for in the nick of time, when I was ruined, came a bonanza, and saved me, brought in large returns on the stock market, and enabled me to clear my property---yes, I am a free man once more, my child."

"I am glad of that, father, and more.

"You must forgive me if I pain you, but I am aware, when you were on the verge of being ruined, that you negotiated, through other banks, enough paper, notes, to clear yourself, and before they come due the mine began to pay and saved you, for you received the money which had been discounted as the Merchant's National bank paper and you, to your credit, for you made the endorsements necessary yourself, and put on them the official stamp of the carrier."

The cigar had fallen from the banker's nervelous fingers and he sat staring at his daughter in a way that was pitiable to behold.

She saw how deep the wound her words had given, and hastened to say:

"But have no fear, but two persons beside yourself know of this, and the are brother

Fenton and myself, and here are the telltale notes."

She tossed them upon his lap and eagerly he grasped them, running them over with trembling fingers.

"Yes, thank God; they are all here; and their loss has worried me since the night of the bank's robbery when they were taken."

"Had the bank officials gotten hold of them I would have been ruined; but, thank God's name, child, how did you get them?"

"You must not worry any more now, Father, and I will tell you."

"You paid these notes yourself at the separate banks that held them, and said you would send a special messenger around for them, and be returned home, in your absence to Marcus Sloan, who opened the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

to an end, that is, to [illegible] wife to save my father from ruin."

The scoundrel!

Now, brother Fenton, as assistant cashier, had discovered what you had done, and saw Sloan put that package away and knew what it was.

"He was going to start to Brazil that night, and not get a chance to get the package then, so left the train at the appointed time, Donald Gray seeing him off, and he gave to him your key to the bank which he had, keeping his that let him to the door to the back alley through Harney, [illegible]

He came back about ten o'clock, went to the rear door, returned to tell Harney to keep it from coming a secret, and entered the bank just as a pistol shot was fired.

"He said there a burglar [illegible] having been aroused, went in and attacked him, hurling the glass inkstand at him as he fell under a second shot from the robber.

"The inkstand struck the robber, knocking him down, and seeing brother Fenton's mistook him for Donald Gray, for they not unlike, and he called out the name of Donald Gray," and fled.

"Dazed by what had occurred, Fenton

"Yes, thank god; they are all here!"

hardly knew what to do, for he believed Harney to be dead.

"But he had come for the telltale and the vault, seized what he believed to be cooked notes, to save you, father, so opened the package alone, and made his retreat.

"To his terror, for he was all unnerved by Harney's death, he believed he would be held for murder and robbery, so hastened to me, and, getting the bank notes, [illegible] told me all.

"I, too, was unnerved by the shock, but told him I would see that he was not suspected and to at once catch the late train for Chicago, with New York in time to catch the steamer for Brazil; he did so, barely [illegible] the papers with me and with them a package of money he had not noticed was with them, I feeling assured that it was the burglar would, in some way, make it seem that Donald Gray was the robber and murderer of Harney, determined to plan to first save Fenton and later to prove that Donald Gray was innocent.

"To do this I must get Donald Gray to show true courage, how to do as I asked, he the consequences what they might to him.

"I went to his rooms—"

"My child! I—"

"Father, it is not for you to condemn one unheard—it was to save you that Fenton found himself in the position he did."

"Forgive me, Celeste."

"I placed a folded paper before Donald Gray, asking him to sign it, unread, in fact, it was a blank.

"I told him it bound him to me by an oath to obey me. He signed it, and, overcome by excitement, I fainted.

"He revived me, and yet, when he had the opportunity did not look at that paper, so I felt I could trust him unto death.

"I left, refusing to allow him to go home, but convinced that if the charge came out against him as being the robber-murderer, a word from me would keep him silent until I could plan to find the real murderer.

"A terrible ordeal for him."

"And which knew a equal fate decided the charge against him and which I had not thought for.

"When I fainted I forgot all about the package of money, picking up the notes alone, and left Donald Gray's rooms.

"He saw the money and hastily followed me, but did not overtake me, as went down town to put it in a hotel safe until morning, then changed his mind, and upon his return to his room was attacked by a footpad.

"They had a struggle and Donald Gray was a victim to the butt of the man upon the latter struck him a fearful blow on the forehead with some instrument he had [illegible] for the [illegible]

"Mr. Gray was staggered by the blow and the man took away and escaped.

"It was some time before he could collect his senses sufficient to find his way home, but at last he did so, had the money, dressed his wound and soon after was arrested as a bank breaker and murderer.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Banker Duvall had listened to the strange story told by his daughter, of good and evil, plot and conspiracy, with an attention that lost not a word.

In a moment, and for the last, he had realized how thoroughly circumstantial evidence, the finding of Donald Gray up at dawn without having retired, the strangely shapen scar on his forehead, the money that Fenton Duvall had taken from the bank with the papers, the letter the artist had dropped on the floor that day [illegible] fisherman, the jailer who had him in hearing, his doctor and a Catholic priest, while he carried to his grave the scar his brother had given him with the inkstand, and [illegible] strangely like the scar on Donald Gray's forehead—he told all, save the fact of who frightened him away from the bank, and said that he had gotten nothing from the vault, and later, determined to get money, he had attacked a gentleman in the street to rob him, but finding that he had gotten hold of one who was more powerful than himself, to escape he had dealt him a blow on the forehead with a piece of lead pipe he had in his pocket, and, as he turned and looked back he caught sight of the one he had assailed, as he reached a lamp post he was sorry to recognize in him one who, as an officer in the navy, had once saved his life, for let me tell you, Father, what Donald Gray told me long years ago, that he had been a naval officer, but was forced to resign from the presence of his step-father, a man of high rank, and who hated his stepson, who really had been left by his father to the step-mother to have a life interest in.

"Resigning from the navy, Donald Gray had received his mother the interest in his estate and had started anew in life as an artist.

"And this dying man's confession in no respect changes the love of your brother for myself, Celeste?"

"Oh, Father, it tells the story to free Donald Gray, who was not known to any one there save Frank Bateman, even Judge Bryce and wife are not compromised, and they have a salve to their conscience for [illegible]

"And the part you played in this affair?"

"Frank Bateman, Frank Bateman and the Bryce family know of it."

"Thank God that is all about that ten thousand dollars found in Gray's room?"

"Ah, there is the rub, for it is the last bank note I have and it is back again, as you [illegible] father, but I [illegible] that with Gray drawn ten thousand some time before, and he cannot go back of that, [illegible] found from it, and then it will have to be given back to him as his own, though he left the money in the bank, not on his property at the seaside, so he out in court and [illegible] and will hand you back the bank's gift and you can give it to me and charge it to profit and loss, for you remember I gave you [illegible] some thirty-five hundred dollars of my own hard-earned money to help you out on the scrape you were in before," and Celeste laughed joyously, the first time she had done so in many a long day.

"You shall have it, and I'll add ninety [illegible] to it, as also will your brother. Fenton, the day you marry Donald Gray, for, of course, that will be the climax to this remarkable state of affairs.

"It will be I have my way, Father, and Donald told me when he came back from hearing Harney's confession that he had [illegible] me, so I shall still hold him to his oath to do as I say."

"But he is still in Jail."

"Yes, but you and Mr. Bateman are to see the judge tomorrow, then go to Albany, and see the governor, and, of course, he will be at once pardoned, while any unpleasant happenings we do not exactly make clear will be the skeleton in our family closet, Father."

The banker looked at his beautiful daughter with wonder and admiration commingled and said:

"Yes, all will come out right in the end; but what will become of Marcus Sloan—"

"Chief of the Department of the Monte's National bank, Marcus Sloan would be a cashier whose services are to be [illegible] with him, well, as brother Fenton has watched him, and he is a snake in the grass also has, and he is a snake in the grass also has, and he is a snake in the grass also has

BLUE WATER ROVERS.

In Search of What ?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

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CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

"Sail—o!"

"What a strange-looking craft!"

"More'n strange! More'n strange!"

The cry aroused the drowsy inhabitants of Gray Gull one summer morning into a bustle and excitement quite comical to see.

The truth was they had overslept. Nothing unusual, by the way, the men comprising the serve and sneer of the place hung on their annual cruise to the fishing grounds; for Gray Gull was one of those quiet, quaint-looking fisher hamlets that dotted the Atlantic coast many years ago.

They were wide awake enough now, however, for Look as they might, the cause of their surprise still existed, no illusion of the brain, but a materialized object.

Chafing uneasily at her moorings in the little bay was a strange ship, so different in her models build from the fishing smacks and schooners which had been known in Gray Gull, it was no wonder that the good people, young and old, were feeling an infinite curiosity.

The most singular part of it, too, was the fact that she had come, like a ghost, in the night.

No forerunner of a visitor from another port had been borne to their ears—no sail had been discovered at sunset.

The old fishermen shook their gray locks and looked wise. The younger men appeared more calm, but could not help casting furtive, anxious glances toward the mysterious stranger.

The children shouted with glee, glad of any excuse to break from the rigid family discipline.

"I tell ye," exclaimed an old, weather-beaten son of Neptune, "she ain't built for no good! She's a South sea pirate! I know, for I hev seen 'em."

"Ain't she a beauty, though!" added one of his companions, unable to disguise his admiration. "What a top she can carry! Then, though she has got less beam, I'll vow she draws two feet more water'n any o' Cape Ann racers."

"I don't like her stern," declared the first. "It drops straight down from the rail to the water's edge. Howsumever, the forefoot curves a-prisingly, an' that gives a good water line. She's from furrin parts, that's sartin."

"Ay! she dances like a bird on the water. Say, can enny o' ye make out that letter'n?"

"Look!" interrupted another, "they're low-erin a boat. Some o' 'em mean to come ashore. We shall soon know what kind o' craft. But we can't be too keerful how we greet 'em. It's my notion 'pinion they've come to sack the town!"

His forebodings had this sage belief old Jack Weatherhorn hobbled away as fast as his crippled legs would allow toward the little cottage he called his home.

A remarkable feature of the strange ship was, as she came about, have given us reason to expect, her enormous top. From deck to mainmast, from stern to bowsprit, she seemed capable of being literally enveloped in clouds of canvas.

Besides her schooner rig of fore and mainsail, she had a flying jib, she carried a foretopsail, a foretopmast-staysail, mainmast-staysail, a forecourse, foreroyal and foreskysail. The great rake of her masts showed that she should cut right into the "wind's eye," or that before or before a favoring breeze she could fly with wonderful speed.

As well as for her speed she had been built for roominess, which must have been nearly two hundred. Not only spurred to carry a heavy top, she could bear it in her great depth and keel bolted to her centre-board one, giving her greater hold upon the water.

In no vessel had her equal been seen in the sleepy waters of Gray Gull.

In silence the little group on shore awaited the approach of the strange boat.

The sun was now an hour's time above the horizon, the dashing sea reflecting its silvery rays like a huge mirror, making the scene one of unusual beauty.

Its splendor, however, was lost to the fascinated watcher, who stood as if riveted to the earth.

"That 'ere's the th' skipper standin' up in th' bows," declared one, at last breaking the silence.

"But he's only a beardless boy!" exclaimed another. "No; that of man with th' white hair and beard is th' captain, I'll swing, I'll risk my good name."

"The boat was now near enough for them to distinguish the occupants with some accuracy.

There were six persons, but the most conspicuous figure, and, in fact, the one whom held their attention, was that of him whom the old fishermen had pointed out as the captain, as young in years as he appeared.

Indeed, he presented a striking picture, with his tall, slender, yet manly form, despite his boyish ruler. His face arrayed in a strange-looking suit, consisting of a tunic of scarlet cloth, pinned at the waist by a golden colored sash with flowing ends, and knee breeches to the knee, fitting very finely with the deep blue of his pantaloons. His long, dark, curling hair that fell from beneath a velvet cap of bright golden color, which rendered more fair by the pure olive of his classic countenance, beautiful as a maiden's, yet spirited and manly as a hero's.

With the splendor of his dress enhanced the glistening sunlight and the graceful symmetry of his commanding figure, the effect was startling in the extreme, even with the calm, nonchalant demeanor, little wonder the uncouth group stood spell-bound, until his clear, ringing voice called out:

"Ahoy, friends! Why do you stand there like-spikes?"

"Ahoy, boy!" cried Captain Saggerlog, like one aroused from sleep. "What boat is this, where do you wander?"

"The Silversail," was the cheery response. "We come on peaceful errand."

At that moment the boat's keel grated on the sand, when the youthful leader sprang lightly out upon the beach.

"Stand back!" gritted the fisherman. "Ye can't come ashore, for we know who ye air. No pirates—"

A merry laugh from the young stranger checked the speech.

"Stay where ye are, lads," he said to his followers, "until I can convince these good people that we come on peaceful intentions. First, I would know, my good men, if I am in Gray Gull?"

"That's 'bout th' only name she's ever had thet I knows on, an' I've lived here, man an' boy, nigh on to fifty year."

Then I have not come to the wrong place that time.

"Who air ye, enyway?"

"I am Karl Lorraine, commander of yonder brig, as staunch a craft as ever sailed the waves."

"Ye commander—a boy!" gasped the fisherman.

The youth's lips parted with a smile, revealing two rows of teeth of pearly whiteness.

"Ay, sir; commander and owner. What say you, lads?"

"Ay, ay, Captain Karl! You are all that," you cabin, and ready for a fight," responded his crew. "A better or braver sailor than he is not a more saucy craft than yours was never known."

A look of horror overspread Captain Saggerlog's countenance.

"Ye air pirates?" he exclaimed. "Men—" "Neither we go depends upon the result of our errand home."

"But ye do not fly the Stars an' Stripes, an' ye air not American?"

"Not by birth in Gray Gull, yet American as much as any one. Perhaps my name will be brief if you will kindly tell us where to find Jack Weatherhorn. Perhaps he is among you. I should not recognize him after so long years."

The fishermen shook their heads, while a look of disappointment settled upon the handsome features of the boy commander.

"Is it possible that I am again on the wrong track?" he exclaimed. "And I had felt so certain I should find him here."

"There is no John Weatherhorn living in Gray Gull," declared Captain Saggerlog.

"No one by the name of Weatherhorn?"

"No, 'ceptin' Jack, an' here he comes to speak for himself."

"Jack Weatherhorn!" cried Karl, his countenance lighting. "Why, he is the very man I have come two thousand miles to find. Lads, do you remain here; I will not be gone very long."

Without stopping for a reply, Karl rushed up the shore to meet the approaching fisherman.

What they said was not heard by the others, and after a few words of greeting they walked along toward the latter's home, evidently engaged in earnest conversation.

An hour the anxious groups upon the beach waited patiently for their reappearance.

Captain Saggerlog declared his intention of going to the house, and was about to start when a shrill cry of distress was borne to their ears.

Glancing seaward, he shouted:

"Look, boys! Man overboard!"

CHAPTER II

HUNTED DOWN.

"Ho, Ned! ain't you astir early, though? What could have called you down to the point at this time of the morning?"

"I might ask the same question of you, Ralph; but I have been here since last evening."

"What! Not all-night?"

"Yes; and I have slept on a worse bed."

"So old Deems drove you out of his house?"

"I shall never go back to live with him again," replied the other, with a quivering lip. "He drove me from his door last night and he beat he shamefully."

The speakers were standing on the Point of Pines, a long, narrow strip of land reaching out into the sea just below the village of Gray Gull, at the same time the fishermen were discussing the strange ship.

The first speaker was a tow-headed youth, Ralph Morton, the precious nephew of Jack Weatherhorn. He was large and muscular, with an overbearing, quarrelsome disposition. Having accompanied his uncle on one of his sea voyages he was continually boasting of his knowledge of nautical life.

Edgar Raynor (Ned, as he was generally called) was a very handsome, manly slender of figure, and of an altogether different nature. His had brown hair, blue eyes, and a pleasant countenance. Though rather small in stature for one of his age, he had a closely knit frame, which seemed capable of considerable hardship and not a little strength.

They were the nephews of Jack and Ned had been watching her for some time.

"Say, Ned, what's the row?"

"Pudge! I've seen hundreds of 'em more likely looking. Yes, hundreds of them. But how do you suppose she came here?

"I haven't any idea. Where do you suppose she came from?

"Oh, China, mebbe, or Patagony."

"Ralph's geographical knowledge was rather limited, and he was in the habit of giving the first name that came into his mind, often with a very ridiculous result.

"What's her name?"

Ralph, we are sorry to say, could not read.

From their position Ned could read the bold letters quite easily, so he said:

"Silversail! Isn't it pretty? How I would like to go to sea on board of her!"

"You don't you! It would be almost as good as sleeping in the pines."

"And old Deems couldn't beat me and drive me out of doors," said Ned.

Before Ralph could reply Captain Saggerlog's startling cry rang over the water:

"Man overboard!"

At the same moment Ned and Ralph discovered a third person struggling in the water between the point and the anchored ship.

From his frantic exertions it was evident he was drowning.

There was a boat drawn up on the beach a short distance beyond them, and Ned started quickly toward it, crying:

"Come, Ralph, quick! We must save him!"

"I don't think I shall run myself to death for the sake of seeing him drown. I say, Ned, you are a fool."

Regardless of the protestations of his companion, as well as his inactivity, Ned pushed the boat out into the water and sprang in, and seized the oars in a way which quickly proved that he was no novice in their use.

"Avast there, ye young lubber! Lay to, or I'll break every bone in your rascally body!" cried a stentorian voice at that moment.

Frightened by the gruff tone Ralph turned to see Zack Deems, Ned's tyrannical guardian, coming down the point as fast as his short legs and sailor's rolling gait would admit. His sun-bronzed countenance was black with rage, and he was shaking his huge fists furiously.

Ralph would have fain run away, but to do so he must pass near to the maddened old tyrant, and that seemed like "jumpin' out of the frying pan into the fire."

So he waited the other's approach with great trepidation.

Ned's attention had been so taken up with his efforts that he had not heard the irate cry of Zack Deems.

"Why don't ye stop him?" cried the latter to Ralph, as he reached the beach in a towering passion. "I'll have the young rascal hung, I will! Runnin' away in this—this ship in chet?" he asked, seeing, for the first time, the stranger in the distance.

"Thet Silversail, sir," replied Ralph, with chattering teeth, edging away from the speaker.

"The Silversail! Whar from—ay, whar from, boy?"

"I don't know, indeed I don't!" gasped Ralph. "Please don't hurt me, Mr. Deems!" he implored, as the other caught him by the arm in a vise-like grip.

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they could not hope to reach the scene in season to save their shipmate.

Nearer and nearer Ned sped his light craft toward the doomed sailor, whose struggles were growing weaker.

As he came to the surface for the last time, Ned, reaching out over the gunwale of the boat, grasped him by the collar and with his utmost strength, held the other's head above the water until the ship's crew gained the spot to lift the half dead man into their boat.

"You have done a noble act, young man," said one of the strangers, a tall, sallow-faced individual with a long, drooping mustache as dark as night. "Let me thank you for poor Carvo's sake. We shall not need you any more."

Somewhat disappointed at this brusque treatment, Ned could do no better than to retrace his course.

The boat's crew, from their strange dress and swarthy complexion, he knew were foreigners—Spaniards, he decided.

Continuing to watch the return of the boat to the ship, while his mind was engrossed with his recent adventure, Ned bowed before the pilot without discovering the presence of his guardian, until he rose from the seat to step ashore.

"Ho, ye runaway imp, so ye dared to come back!" exclaimed Deems, pausing in his wild pacing up and down the shore, to glare like a mad bull upon the astonished youth.

"I was not running away, Mr. Deems. I——"

"None of your sass talk to me! Meester Deems! How long has it been since 'twas of Zack?' Er ye weren't runnin' away from me now, ye did las' night. Where ye been?"

Only down here to the pilot," faltered Ned, who could see that the other meant him harm.

His first thought was to jump into the boat and escape on the water; but he knew that he could not hope to get afloat before the rum-crazed wretch would overtake him.

"A likely story," sneered Deems. "Mebbe ye'd hev me believe ye slept in the pines last night. But I'll fix ye when we get home. Kem 'long."

"I had rather not go now."

"Ruther not go!" roared Deems. "I sh'd like to know what ye hev got to say 'bout it, eanyway."

"Mr. Deems," said Ned, facing him with

As Deems rushed upon him the boy brought the oar down with unerring force.

a calmness that surprised even himself; but a growl of rage checked his speech.

"So ye dare die'bey me, ye young rebel? This is the way ye'd pay me for all my kindness to ye, is it? So ye fergit how I risked Ye from a watery grave; how I've nussed ye on th' milk o' human kindness? But by th' great horn spoon o' Neptune, I'm goin' to hev my way a leetle longer. Kem 'long, then, without enny more perlaver."

"Sir, you ordered me out of your house last night, and ordered me to stay away."

"An' ye took me at my word?"

"I did."

Ned spoke firmly, and he had drawn his slight figure up with an attitude of defiance.

"I'll do it again!" yelled the infuriated wretch, "or I'll let the last breath out o' ye body."

Zack Deems picked up an ugly-looking club that was lying on the beach as he shrieked the words, and with a look of murder in his bloodshot eyes he sprang upon the unarmed boy.

A less brave lad would have tried to run away and thus have fallen an easy victim to the drunken sailor.

Ned only had his hands on the oar, and, half unconscious of what he was doing, he swung the unwieldy club over his head.

Then, as Deems rushed upon him, he brought the weapon down with such unerring force that he felled him senseless upon the sand.

Before Ned had recovered from the shock of the attack and its result, the shrill voice of Ralph Morton, who had been hiding in a clump of pines, called out to him:

"You have killed him, Ned! Run for your life, run!"

This fascinating story of adventure and pluck will be continued next week. See new special subscription offer on page twelve.

PHILIPPINE MAP! FREE! NEXT WEEK!

Be sure to get the Blade next week. It will have a colored map of the Philippine Islands, size 17x22 inches. Get the map and see Uncle Sam's new possessions in the Pacific Ocean, with historic description of same.

Very Clever Bluff.

"I have been studying palmistry," she said. "Will you let me look at your hand?"

"Certainly," he replied, "but I warn you first that I don't believe in palmistry."

Her little soft fingers wrapped themselves have got that right, anyway. No widow for me. What kind of a girl were you about to say I'd marry?"

"A girl who is very tall; who has light hair, and with whom you will be very unhappy."

She let his hand fall and looked away. She was neither tall nor light. She had rich dark hair, and was plump and pretty.

"I told you," he said, after a short pause, "that I did not believe in this palmistry business and now I'm going to prove to you that there is nothing in it."

She looked up at him very timidly, his arms closed around her waist, his lips went

Amateur Tinkering.

It sometimes happens that a granite saucepan or chafing dish gets a fall, and in this fall a bit of the granite enamel is loosened and finally peels off. The dish is of little value, for it will soon ensue. Granite is supposed to be unmendable, but we have proved that it can be mended. If the granite is not weakened all around the hole a copper rivet, such as are used by harness makers, may be used to fill up the break. There are different sizes of the rivets. They come with a small head, something like carpet tacks. The rivet proper is slipped through the hole in the granite and then over the end that passes through, is slipped a copper washer (which comes with the rivet), then with a few taps of a hammer the rivet is flattened down on the washer. This effectually mends the break in the granite and makes it practically as good as new.

If only a very small hole is found a bit of copper wire is used to mend it. The wire is slipped through the hole, after being cut the right length, and then with a tack hammer it is flattened on both sides of the granite vessel which is being operated upon.

The process is so simple that even a woman who is doing "light housekeeping" need not fear to undertake it, providing she can strike a straight blow with a hammer, which women are not supposed capable of doing. Though it may be among the new women there may be found a few who can do this. The only thing to be avoided in striking promiscuously upon the granite surface and so scaling more of the enamel off.

The mending is almost as simple as the old method of putting a rag into a hole to mend it.

It once happened that a high wind played havoc with a paper tub and after rolling it around promiscuously it threw it against a stone and virtually wrecked it forever. It also happened that the tub belonged to a woman who had some original ideas, and she straightway went to work to demonstrate that, though ventilated, it was not wholly beyond repair.

First she secured some putty and put this over the hole, and then laid it down carefully until it was about the same thickness as the paper around it, of which the tub was made. This was then allowed to dry, and after it was dried piece of stout muslin were put over the putty, and a coat of paint was put over the cloth to hold it and to reduce the mended part of the tub to a likeness to the rest of it. Several coats of paint were added from time to time and the mended part is now probably the strongest part of the tub.

The mending is a simple matter, and the time taken is very little, although several different applications of paint are used. It takes but a moment to dip the brush in the ready prepared paint and put a stroke or two of the brush over the cloth.

Paper pails may be mended in the same way, so may the water pitchers, mug and etc. In case of an article needed for such use it might be well to paint it all over and then it might be decorated if desired. I have seen this done and decorated with nasturtiums and it really looked very pretty. An occasional coat of paint would do a good deal toward making such utensils lasting.

Winter Underwear.

Opinions differ as to the comfort derived from the different materials from which underwear is made, but there is one thing which admits of no doubt, and that is that while silk is exceedingly warm, soft and pleasant to the flesh it is at the same time by no means the healthiest substance for the undergarment. In proof of this practical observation has demonstrated that silk stockings will make the toughest and healthiest feet moist, wet and tender, until walking becomes painful. A silk scarf worn around the neck next to the skin will in nine wearers out of ten produce sore throat. Silk makes the neck hot and moist, and the first stray breath of cool air that strikes the skin feels like a drop of iced water and will produce a cold. Silk seems to have the faculty, as contrasted with wool, of opening the pores and inciting perspiration, and if it will do this with the feet and neck there is every reason to believe that it will produce equal susceptibility to cold when worn about the chest and limbs. Those who wear silk stockings invariably have tender feet.

The rule that applies to the male applies equally to the female. Silk underclothing may be very comfortable, but when the advocates of dress reform would do as much good if they would discuss more freely the hygienic value of the material, as well as the cut and style of the underargument.

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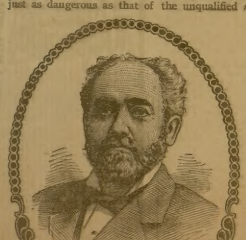

WOMAN'S MEDICAL ADVISER

"QUIT ALL DOCTORS AND GAINED RIGHT ALONG."

ESCAPED AN OPERATION.

"It is with pleasure that I write you to let you know the great benefit I have received from your medicines, and by following your advice regarding self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Selma Erickson, of 496 Rice Street, St. Paul, Minn. "You kindly advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' When I first wrote you I had been to three different doctors, and two of them said I would never get better without going to the hospital for an operation. I just sat down and cried, and said, 'If I have to die, I will die at home with my two dear little ones.' I had a miscarriage in May last and was weak all summer. Was not able to do anything. If I would get up and walk to the kitchen and back I would have to lie in bed for a day, or sometimes two days. Last August I picked up one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets and read of his wonderful work. I wrote to him for information and received an answer within five days from the day I wrote, advising me to try his medicines. Now I have used six bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and six of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is just wonderful. I did not tell the doctors what I was taking. I have not been to any physician since the day I received the first letter from Dr. Pierce, and I feel as good as I ever did. Before I had the miscarriage, I was so nervous I had to have some one by my side all the time, even in day time, and I could hardly eat anything. I took treatment from a doctor twice a week, and every time I would go there I felt so sick, but since I quit all the doctors, and began taking your medicines, I gained right along. I gained 40 pounds within the last four months. I weighed 125 when I began taking your medicines (in August) and now I am up to my usual weight, 165. I cannot thank you enough for your wonderful medicines, and I wish you every success in the treatment of other cases, as you have had in mine. When I think about how I suffered last summer, it seems now like a dream. My aged father was by me all summer, and at times used to get out of patience and say, 'Daughter, what makes you so peevish?' What will you be when you are my age?' His speaking as would only make me feel worse. I did not know I was a misery to every one around me, but can realize it now. I will cheerfully recommend your remedies to all my afflicted friends, for to-day I am as well and feel as good as ever."

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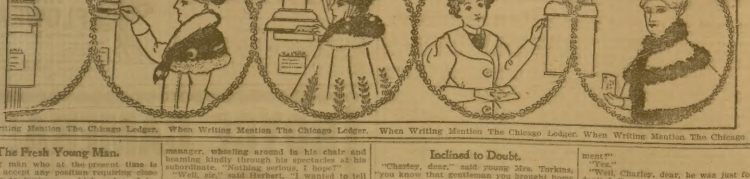

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The Fresh Young Man.

A young man who at the present time is willing to accept any position requiring close application to business, a high order of intelligence and a meek and uncomplaining spirit at a moderate salary, has recently been brought to a realization of the fact that he is a mere unit in the sum-total of human existence, that a little blushing is a dangerous thing at times.

He was working for an old established insurance company, occupying an outer floor of a large office building in LaSalle street, and had been employed by the concern for about six months, fulfilling his duties, as he had reason to believe, with entire satisfaction to his employers. He knew that the head bookkeeper had referred to him as "a bright young man," and that his fellow-clerks regarded him with respect. The manager smiled cordially when he met him and addressed him familiarly by his christian name. Altogether, the young man felt remarkably secure in his position.

One morning he walked into the manager's room and asked if he could speak to him a moment.

"Certainly, Herbert. What is it?" said the manager, wheeling around in his chair and beating kindly through his spectacles at his subordinate. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Well, sir," said Herbert, "I wanted to tell you that I intend to leave you the first of next month."

"Who, is that so?" said the manager. "Well, well, well! You don't mean to tell me that, Herbert?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man firmly. "I find that I am getting $5 a week less than any man in the office who is doing the work I am doing. I have to have a raise or quit the first of the month."

"Oh, no, Herbert, you won't do that," said his chief, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat and smiling in the same genial and benevolent way. "No, no; you won't do that."

"I have quite made up my mind," said Herbert.

"O, you've made up your mind, have you?" said the manager. "Yes, yes. But you won't quit the first of the month, Herbert; you'll quit right now and right here. You can tell the cashier to make out my check for three months to the end of the week, and send it up and I'll sign it. That's all, Herbert. Good day."

Inclined to Doubt.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you said that gentleman you brought home to dinner yesterday—"

"Certainly. Otherwise I should not have brought him home."

"Now, Charley, you know what I mean. I do not think it's at all perfectly stupid for people to try to be bright all the time."

"Well, what about my friend?"

"I detested him."

"In what?"

"Making a joke. He thought I wasn't noticing and that he was having a little fun all to himself. But I have been thinking it over, and I can see through him."

"My recollection is that he didn't talk about anything except me."

"He didn't."

"But I don't remember anything very humorous in what he said."

"Do you recall his reference to the absence of general information?"

"Yes."

"And the consequences of private intelligence?"

"Yes."

"And the bad influence of corporal punishment?"

"Yes."

"Well, Charley, dear, he was just fooling. I don't believe there were any such people in the army."

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. E. A., free. It is the great social and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, fancy initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Rubber stamp. Address THE STAR, 128 Market street, San Pedro, Ill.

If you must look at other people's faults shut your eyes.

10 Routes to the South

Via the Comfortable Monon Route. Four trains daily via Cincinnati, two trains via Louisville. Equipment up to date. Send for Booklet. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago. City Ticket Office 232 Clark St.

If you are looking for a warm spot stir up a hornet's nest.

HOME AND HEALTH.

Convalescent Typhoid Patients.

A person convalescing after an attack of typhoid fever must be exceedingly careful of his diet. A small quantity of improper food taken at this time is quite likely to result disastrously.

After three weeks, and often longer, of liquid food, the patient is too eager to resume solids. Milk, with lime water, peptonized milk, broths, beef tea, and rich fruit juices may be taken with safety at any stage of the illness. Even after the temperature has resumed its normal for ten days the patient must continue on this liquid diet. The next step is to take some semi-liquid food, such as milk toast, etc. This kind of food should be eaten at least a week before any solid food should be taken.

A departure from this is likely to cause a relapse, and a relapse in a case of typhoid fever is quite likely to result fatally.

A YOUNG MAN'S SUCCESS.

How He Secured Happiness—Hope for Others.

Three years ago I was a wreck of manhood, without ambition or hope. I was a victim of secret vice and the fearful results of the vile habit which so often ruins the prospects and health.

I renders life a burden, business a failure and marriage a distasteful subject. I was weak, timid, lacked self-confidence and nervous touches with other symptoms of the fear of disease. I felt that my life was blighted and robbed of all that makes life worth living. My wife, whom I loved fondly, almost secretly, and whose love was an inspiration to me to achieve the mark of life's opportunities, had changed in a year, from a cheerful, hopeful, light-hearted, happy girl, became discouraged and dissatisfied and careless; disappointment and discouragement were the order of the day.

I was conscious that my condition was serious, although some of my friends thought lightly of it. was the cause of my trouble, and I felt like a criminal in hiding. Staring discovery. I was in despair, and felt I had shut the door of happiness on myself and be released from a bondage which was worse than death.

To-day I am well and happy, restored to perfect health and self-confidence, relieved of all the effects of disease, and experience joys and happiness that I had never before known.

My wife has experienced as great a change as myself. She is a happy, contented wife and mother and our baby boy, now sixteen months old, is a perfect picture of health, and when I look at this little fellow's knee I think of Bill and my heart swells in grateful thankfulness for the love of my wife, my boy and restored health. I can appreciate the grandeur and sweetness of life as never before, and the sweetest embrace, such as I believe few have ever known.

Any man who has suffered for many years with a weakness that blights his life, and robs him of all that really makes life worth living, when after years of suffering, obtains relief by simple remedies and self-styled Specialists, he finds a new life, a new health and new strength. He has secured lost forever, he naturally wants to help those to know about it that are in the same bondage as the thousands of young, middle-aged and old married men are to-day, suffering with a shattered nervous system as I did. It is for them that I write this story, publishing as above I was advised by Dr. H. J. Hall, the Chicago Specialist. I did so. Went to his office, got health and happiness which has restored to me. I am ready to do anything in my power to help the unfortunate, for the benefit of others who should seek a cure before it is too late. I am gratefully yours,

GEO. A. GOODWIN,
761 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—Dr. Wood has kindly promised to give free advice and examination, personally or by letter to readers of this paper. His illustrated 150-page book to all readers of this paper who call at or write to his office. His office is at 617 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

Milk Should Be Cooked.

The question of the habitual use of uncooked milk is one demanding serious attention. Often have milk epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria been conducted, how severely the incidence of the disease in question has been felt upon those using uncooked milk, as opposed to those taking milk only after it had been boiled or otherwise cooked.

Formerly it was supposed that the matter involved only the question of the sanitary condition of dairy, and the freedom of these engaged in its management from communicable diseases, and the mere fact that milk was secured from rural districts was long held to be a sufficient guarantee of its wholesomeness.

Dairies located in the remote rural districts are not free from infection, as disease traces are met free from infection, as disease traces are met free from the care of those engaged in families having the care of these districts, as passes around. Recent experience has shown that disease in the human subject is not the only danger that has to be contended with in connection with our milk supply. It has been demonstrated that the cow herself may suffer from a disease which at present the dairyman recognize as unimportant, but which may give to the milk, at the actual moment of entering the udder the power of producing disease if used in the raw state.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Sitting on the Floor.

It is the custom of nearly every young girl to sit on the floor to put on her shoes and stockings. Indeed after the young girl is past so young she is prone to keep up the habit even into middle age, unless exhibitions of this practice in an admirable way for healthful reasons. The exercise given in sitting down so low and rising again is very strengthening to the muscles of the back and thighs and adds much to the suppleness of the subject. Tailors, tailoresses and shoemakers are said to be excellent illustrations of this fact, these three classes, it is claimed, being a graceful and supple lot. So, cable to the contrary notwithstanding, put on your shoes while sitting on the floor, girls, if you would be graceful.

This Is True.
I have discovered a wonderful remedy for all female diseases and irregularities. It never fails to cure the pains in the back, head and bearing down, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ovarian troubles, prolapsus, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of this remedy to every sufferer. Address,
Mrs. M. Summers, Box 2, Kokomo, Ind.

Beauty Recipes.

Cream to Prevent Face from Becoming Flabby.—The white of one egg, one tablespoonful of honey, a small piece of lemon, ground barley enough to make paste.

This cream can be filed for fifteen cents. It requires to be used with a mask, that is to say, to be spread upon something like linen that can be bound upon the face overnight.

To Prevent Wrinkles.—Whites of four eggs, one-half pint of rosewater, one-half ounce of alum, one-half ounce of sweet almonds, almond meal enough to form a paste. Take out small piece and rub well around barley enough to make paste.

To Remove Tan and Sunburn.—Ten grains of borax, two ounces limewater, one ounce freshest French oil of jasmine (perfume also), one ounce rose water, one ounce almonds. Make an emulsion.

Cast of filling formula about twenty-five cents.

If the face has become sore and shows a tendency to scurf after using the above lotion, apply every morning after washing the face with pure cocoanut oil.

Two drachms chloride of ammonia, one ounce spirits of camphor, one ounce rosses can be omitted), one pint of rosewater, one ounce alcohol (95 per cent. proof). Formula can be filled for about sixty-five cents, including cost of roses.—The Queen.

The Grippe and Sulphur.

In my daily papers of December 22 I find that there are reported as having died in the 160,000 cases of grippe in New York City, and that 15,000 have succumbed in Philadelphia and other cities, and is now threatening Boston. It is a fact that when it is prevailing as an epidemic largely in our city a few years ago I was informed by two brothers at Bynams' match factory, that of the forty hands employed there not one had been troubled by it.

I have at various times told the press how many at Memphis, Tennessee (including the agents of the Hollowday Remedies) escaped the terrible epidemic of yellow fever there, on account of "their shoes," the evidence of a distinguished physician who was sent there by the English, that wearing sulphur in this way has proved a perfect preventative, and also that the other epidemic diseases—also that those working in sulphur mines, or in the vicinity of malaria which prevails all about them, escaped the ravages of the fever, and also that subjects of rheumatism—also that suffered from it—by wearing in the shoes sulphur taken internally or by the inhalation of the fumes of it, to pass through the body, the clothing and the pocketbook, blackened by the silver.

The most powerful and fascinating novel ever published in the Ledger, "A Marvelous Woman," the story of a beautiful Spanish woman, will begin in this issue. This remarkable romance of the times will not on the stage after its publication. Read it.

How to Sleep.

By all means sleep on your right side and avoid high pillows. Many bolsters, or pillows, are too high for comfort. Keep the pillow light and thoroughly refreshed after sleep, that the muscles of the shoulders, neck and arms are exempted and have not been nourished properly during the time of rest. They may naturally relax of the human body is erect. We do not go through life with the chin buried in the breast, so why should we assume that attitude at night? Some of they cannot sleep unless their heads are high; some require two, three, four pillows. Habit has much to do with this, and the easiest and most effective shock, and the quickest, to break such habits, to break a bad habit, is to do away with all pillows. To-day I would advise a gradual lowering of the head's elevation until a pillow has been secured that does not cause an unnatural straining or cranking of the neck. Those who are anxious for an erect, natural carriage will sleep on a very low pillow or none at all. Sleeping on a flat bed will help to give straight, firmly poised shoulders.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Turkish Bath for a Cold.

I know of no remedy so good for a bad cold as a Turkish bath. It gives relief in a few hours and does it without the aid of medicines. It is true that it is a luxury, but, comparatively, it is not so great as one as the doctor.

In nine cases out of ten, it will produce a complete cure. I have known it to drive pneumonia, in its incipient stages, and bronchitis from the system. The high temperature to which the bather is subjected produces free perspiration and makes the action of the blood rapid and exhilarating. The result is most beneficial and refreshing. The entire thorough cooling, the cold is broken up and the lungs are freed of their stricture. Expectoration is easy and all danger that the cold may develop into a more serious disease is eliminated.

Boudoir Notes.

A frequent cause for the hair falling out is said to be poor circulation of the blood. Rubbing the scalp for a short time every night with the fingers will stimulate the circulation.

A too liberal use of ammonia in hair wash will turn the hair gray. A good wash to prevent the hair falling out is prepared as follows: Rain water, one pint; sage tea, one-half pint; a tablespoonful of scraped green soap. Put the mixture into a saucepan and boil five minutes. When cool add five drops of cologne. Test this remarkable for use take two or three tablespoonfuls to a pint of soft water. Wash the head three times a week, rinsing thoroughly with tepid warm water. Dry by brushing. Do not fan the hair to dry it, as that tends to lower the circulation and is apt to cause cold.

A valuable lotion for removing the natural color of the hair is made of four ounces of bay rum and one ounce of sulphur.

Lemon juice applied with a camel's hair brush night and morning will remove freckles if there are not too many scattered. Lemon juice will also whiten the hands and remove stains.

An excellent cure for brittle nails is to soak them daily for five minutes in sweet oil warmed to a blood heat.

Cream face powder is best for brunettes; white and pink are suitable for fair people.

The too frequent use of greasy preparations for the face will produce a growth of down.

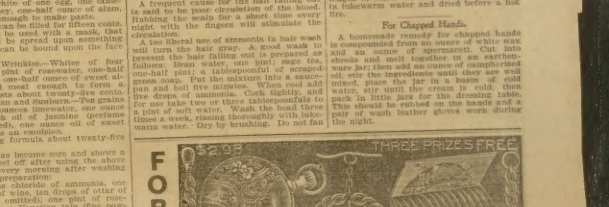
Cocoanut oil brushed over the eyebrows will promote their growth and give them a glossy appearance.

Wearing Rubbers Indoors.

Do not wear your rubbers indoors. People generally will agree with me that it is a bad habit. Many of them know from experience. In a warm room rubbers cause the feet to perspire and become tender. When they are removed and one steps outside the cold air chills the feet and a feeling of discomfort is caused. In a few hours he has a well-developed case of incipient cold and may end in pneumonia. After wearing rubbers for any considerable length of time in the house let the feet in lukewarm water and dried before a hot fire.

For Chapped Hands.

A homemade remedy for chapped hands is compounded from an ounce of white wax and an ounce of spermaceti. Cut into shreds and melt together in an earthenware jar; then add an ounce of sweet almond oil, stir the ingredients until they are well mixed, place the jar in a kettle of cold water, stir until the cream is cold, then pack in little jars for use when desired. This should be rubbed on the hands and a pair of wash leather gloves worn during the night.



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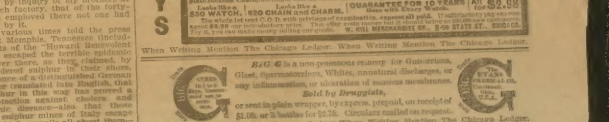

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THE PASSING SHOW.

The Patriot's Lexicon.

After much thought we have prepared this little glossary for use in the celebrated embalmed beef controversy, hoping that a conventional nomenclature will aid each side to understand what the other is talking about.

Army. Something to sell Beef for.

Beef. One of the greatest gods, whose exalted fame it is blasphemy to asperse. The co-equal of Stocks, Bonds, Dividends, and Beet Sugar.

Country. 1. A certain area of grazing land. 2. An ingenious political arrangement for protecting the Beef industry.

Commmander of the army. A chump; a man who might have been a Priest of Beef if he had only known enough to keep his mouth shut.

Court-martial. A bad thing for Eagan, but a good thing for Miles.

Chemicals. Incense to Beef; saltpeter and other things that do Beef good.

Hero. General Eagan.

Evidence. A wager of a certain large amount that a certain statement isn't so.

Industry. The art of packing Beef; hence a thing holy, and to be protected and fostered if it takes the last stomach in the army.

Long. A man who runs a navy somewhere; not allowed to testify.

Liar. Anybody who denies or doubts the perfection of Beef and all his works.

Miles. Indescribable.

Odor. The appetizing perfume that arises from a freshly-opened can of Beef and calls the happy trooper to his meals.

Patriot. A man ready to "sacrifice all his wife's relations" to Beef.

Perjury. Any testimony offered that tends to support Miles.

Regular. A soldier who can be fed anything; hence a handy man to have in the army, and the only sort of which the army should be composed.

Traitor. A man who hurts trade.

Volunteer. A "parlor fighter," disloyal to Beef, one whose services can always be dispensed with after the war is over.

Witness. An ex-employe of a packing house, embittered by discharge and animated by spite to commit perjury.

We hope Miles, Eagan, Swift, Armour, Alger, and all the apothecaries and horse doctors of the army will quit talking at random and get together on the basis of a vocabulary they and the rest of the country can comprehend. Otherwise this thing promises to run on into the summer with no other effect than the gratuitous advertising of Gen. Miles.

"The White Man's Burden."

A precious young man, who, by a chance of creation, was born of a ruling race, and first opened his infant eyes upon a world in subjection, has grown up to be the prophet and laureate of empire. The alluring trappings of irresponsible power were the playthings of his boyhood and the child became the father of the man. His Pegasus is a war horse, his muse an Amazon, and he pours his rattling stanzas into cowering nations over seven seas like volleys from a British square on a punitive expedition. By the irresistible force of a great art he has made himself one of the strongest influences of his time.

Just now, we Americans, wearying of Washington and Jefferson, are seated at the feet of this militant Gamaliel, and have exchanged the musty, crabbed injunctions of the constitution for the rythmical bugle blast of Kipling:

"Follow me! Follow me!"

But if we are to follow him, he assures us, with characteristic frankness, that he will not always lead us along the laureled paths of martial glory. The march of empire, he warns us none too soon, is not forever to the accompaniment of a brass band. We must have ears for something else beside the rub-adub-dub of the drummer and be ready to bid farewell to the plumed troop and the big wars that make ambition virtue. We must

> Take up the white's man's burden—
> The savage wars of peace—
> Fill full the mouth of famine,
> And bid the sickness cease.

About People.

Eighteen cadets who were graduated only last week from the Naval Academy are on the Solace bound for Manila.

F. Campbell Bayard, president of the Royal Meteorological society of London, said recently in a speech that statistics gathered by him showed that the United States Weather Bureau is the best organization of its kind in the world, and its predictions are the most accurate.

Rudyard Kipling, now in New York, refuses to be interviewed concerning anything. He is going shortly, with his wife and children, to visit Mrs. Kipling's relatives in Brattleboro, Vermont. Mr. Kipling's plans beyond that are not known. This visit to the United States, it is intimated by a business associate of the noted writer, is for business purposes chiefly. Mr. Kipling is likely to remain in this country about a month.

Representative Fairchild, of the Kansas legislature, has introduced a bill to abolish the "grafter," which, according to a definition embodied in the bill, is "any person who loafs around legislature halls seeking employment by persons or corporations interested in measures pending before the legislature, and any member of the legislature who introduces bills of a prohibitory character for the purpose of extorting money and who assists outside 'grafters' in securing employment for intended victims." Any person convicted of being a "grafter" shall be fined $10 to $500 and be disqualified from holding any office.

EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLIST.

From a Pansy to a Daisy.

Germany Should Retire.

The differences and difficulties between the Germans in Samoa, and the British and American representatives there, seem to grow in bitterness and significance. According to the latest advices, which are not very late, having taken some seven days to come by way of Auckland, the German president of the municipality of Apia has ordered the release of a German subject who was locked up by order of the chief justice for smashing the windows of the Supreme court chamber.

Subsequently the culprit was fined, and when the German consul protested the British and American consuls declared they could not interfere with the decree of the court, and, moreover, refused to have any further communication with the German consul until an apology was tendered. In short, they "suspended diplomatic relations" as far as they were able.

The dispatches conclude with a passing allusion to the fact that the natives were out in the brush killing one another.

This is only a mild symptom of the dangerous disease that afflicts the Samoan condominium. Its different organs have gone on strike. They will not work in harmony and never have been able to do so. And always as a background to their squabbles over a few dollars' worth of dried cocoanuts and a place to coal a ship, we have the mournful picture of those poor brown children out in the brush with guns supplied by the white men, killing one another in the murderous little wars the white men's cupidity has stirred up.

Some day the Samoan difficulty must end, and it must end by the retirement of Germany, whose representatives have shown themselves least fit to be there. The sooner Samoa will cease to threaten the peace of three great powers.

North Dakota Divorces.

Both houses of the North Dakota legislature have passed a bill, which undoubtedly will meet with the approval of the governor, requiring a year's residence in the state before divorce proceedings can be instituted. Under the law as it stands now only three months' residence is required before such proceedings can be had in the courts of North Dakota. In consequence the state has become a refuge for persons in search of speedy divorces to an extent which has become scandalous.

The passage of the bill in question is designed to relieve North Dakota of the stigma attaching to such commerce. That commonwealth does wisely in throwing off the reproach of easy divorces.

It evidently would give one part of the war department no small satisfaction to be permitted to emblam General Miles himself.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

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MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages 25 cents. Address, Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

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MARRIAGE PAPER — Best Published — FREE. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

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C. S. A. MONEY Circulars FREE. Address P. E. Cheney, Box 5, Mutual, O.

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STOMACH Liver and Kidney Cure. Month's trial free. Deer Lick Mineral Spring Co., Deerfield, Ill.

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CANCER Handsome present given every person sending us two names of people afflicted with cancer. Marion Sanitarium Co., Indianapolis, Ind., Lock Box No. 1.

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1899 Lovers pkg., up to date, richly illustrated; new Flirtations, Hold to Light Cards, Fun Cards, Shadows on the Wall, etc., ALL FOR 10 CENTS. Address, S. N. CO., ENFIELD, OHIO.

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

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DEWEY Life-like portrait, showing Cuban and American flags and fac-simile of his autograph. Beautiful engraving for framing (size 10x14). Agents coining money. Sample, postpaid, 10c.; 90c. doz. WEBB OPTICAL CO., Chicago.

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GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of prize winning poultry for 1899. The finest poultry book out. A perfect guide to poultry raisers. Calendar for '99 on cover. Gives price of eggs and stock from the very best strains. It shows the finest chickens and describes them all. Fifty different varieties. Everybody wants this poultry book. Send Six cents in stamps. B. H. GREIDER, FLORIN, PA.

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The best, handiest, easiest running, cheapest and most durable. FLY SHUTTLE Carpet Loom in the world. 100 yards a day. Catalogue free. EUREKA LOOM CO. 5029 W. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.

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CURLS. The Very Latest Style 25c. a Set. SWITCHES, ALL LONG HAIR - - $1.00. Any lady sending in 6 orders for curls will get a set Free. Also the same rule for switches. All orders sent by mail, prepaid. Send sample of hair to match by with every order. A. Scott, 740 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

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Ladies' Gent's Size

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR WATCH BUYERS.

Address, SAFE WATCH CO., 19 Warren St., New York.

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FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer

1 Pkg. 13 Day Radish, 10c
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1 " Earliest Red Beet, 10c
1 " Long Lightn'g Cucumber 10c
1 " Salzer's Best Lettuce, 15c
1 " California Fig Tomato, 20c
1 " Early Dinner Onion, 10c
3 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents, $1.00

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice & 14c postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Onion Seed 60c. and up a lb. Potatoes at $1.20 a Bbl. Catalog alone 5c. No. 601 JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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FREE DESK SPECIAL GRAND OFFER

LADIES, BOYS AND GIRLS. Send us your full address, PLAINLY WRITTEN, and we will mail you 100 packets of our sweet, fragrant and exquisite ARABIAN PERFUME, (in powder form, scents handkerchiefs, gloves, clothing, etc.) to sell to their friends at 10 cents a packet. When sold, remit us the money, and we will send you a beautiful Solid Oak WRITING DESK, handsomely finished, nearly five feet high, for your trouble. We trust you. No money wanted until after Perfume is sold. Address ARABIAN PERFUME CO., Dept. 7, Bridgewater, Conn.

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"ALL COONS LOOK ALIKE TO ME" & 100 other Popular Songs, only 10c. 3 lots 25c. LOCK BOX 4, HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

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FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Dentaline. Instructions free. Union Dental Co., Chicago, Ill.

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THE HAIR TELLS ALL

IF SICK send a lock of your hair, name, age, sex and 4 cents in stamps and I will diagnose your case FREE and tell you what will cure your ailments. Address DR. J. C. BATDORF, Box 4 Grand Rapids, Mich.

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BOYS AND GIRLS can get a nickel-plated Watch, Foot Ball, Knife or Skates for selling 1½ dozen packages of ROYAL BLUING at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the BLUING, postpaid AND A LARGE PREMIUM LIST. NO MONEY REQUIRED. ROYAL CHEM. CO., L. Box 235, CHICAGO.

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We now send our famous Boy's Printer for 10c. postpaid as a specimen of our 3,000 wonderful bargains. Has 3 A Font of Type, Type-holder, Indelible Ink, Pad, Tweezers, Etc. Best linen marker, card printer, etc. 3 for 25c. 90c. Doz. 5 A Font with figures, (see cut), 15c. Each; 2 for 25c.; $1.50 Doz. 6 A Font with 2 line holder and 2 sets figures 25c. Each; $2.50 Doz. All postpaid; catalogue with each. ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 Cortlandt St. Dept. No. 7 N. Y.

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